THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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RUSSIA OUT-RUSSIAED.

Mr. Costello, of Minnesota, Says that the English Lion is Worse than the Russian Bear.

Some Very Appalling Irish Statistics.

[To the Editor.]

You will kindly oblige by allowing me space to say that in the Minneapolis *Journal* of Feb 24 appeared the following lines headed by "Siberian Outrages."

"PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24.—A largely attended meeting of the Siberian Exile Petition Association was held here yesterday. The form of a petition to the Czar of Russia was agreed upon. It is the purpose of those interested in the movement to circulate copies of the petition all over the United States for signatures and to place the same in the hands of the Czar." In another place the *Journal* says, headed with large print "A Stinging Protest Needed." "The Siberian Exile Petition Association have adopted a form of petition to be sent out for signatures in this country and transmitted to the Czar of Russia. This petition under the circumstances, is as mild as a June morning and lacks the vertebrate character requisite to show the cowardly woman whipper and assassin of St. Petersburg, that his system of prison government is abhored and condemned by *every* man, woman and child of this free Republic. This country is the place in which a stinging reprimand of the Czar's enormities should originate. It is a duty this republic owes to humanity to protest with all the power of the English language against the Kara enormities."

Were I a member of the above mentioned association I would suggest the English language as the worst known to couch such a petition in, because whatever enormities are committed by the Czar's government, are be eclipsed by the past and present English government in Ireland. The death of Ellen McDonough is still fresh in the memory of readers of news from Ireland. She was standing in a field, looking at a squad of policemen and bailiffs that were on the road. One of the policemen crossed the fence and ran towards the girl. She got frightened, and, when running away, she stumbled and fell, when England's brutal hireling overtook her, and drove his bayonet through her womb, pinning her to the ground. The girl died. The murder was a public one, but because the inhuman murderer was a hireling of the English government there was no law in Ireland to punish him. He soon after went boating and was drowned, and perhaps after a cold bath he had to take a hot one. We know how Irish members of an English parliament are treated at the hands of English jailers. We know how John Mandeville was done to death by England's jailers. There was no punishment for the shooting of three Irishmen at Mitchelstown because the murderers were hirelings of the English government. O'Donovan Rossa's hands were tied behind his back when imprisoned in England to make him eat gruel like a pig or a dog. Whoever reads Michael Davitt's Prison Diary will see that some of the inmates of English prisons when cleaning out the privies, were so nearly starved to death, they were glad to pick some ends of candles out of the filth and eat them. Go through Russia today and you will fail to find anything like what is going on in Ireland at the present time, under the government of the Czarina of England. In Russia every farmer is the owner of his farm. In Ireland every farmer is the slave of some ghoul or cormorant, commonly called landlord. I may truly call them cannibals for they are devouring the vitals of the people. With few exceptions they are a pack of good for-nothing English parasites, fastened on the backs of the people by the English government. Numerically, and in all other respects, excepting their power to do evil, they are insignificant. As useful members among the people at large, they are a libel and a blot on mankind.

Their insatiable greed for money to satisfy their licentious debaucheries in London and elsewhere, has often reduced their tenants (or, more properly speaking, their slaves) in Ireland to mere skeletons of skin and bone. Many of them, if they saw a good new coat on the back of a tenant when going to church on Sunday, instead of having his shirt sleeves protruding through the elbows of an old coat, would take it as an infallible sign that he could pay more rent, and the rent screw would be turned on him to its last wrench to squeeze forty or fifty dollars more out of his rented farm and out of the sweat of his brow, regardless of whether himself and his children had to toil with bare backs and empty stomachs or not. It is well known that some of these unscrupulous shylocks have raised the rent on their tenants for no other reason than because they had children in America who were sending their parents a part of the money they were earning here. These are the harpies for which the bayonet and buckshot of England's Czarina are employed today under the directions of Salisbury and Balfour, evicting an honest, industrious people from the houses they built at their own cost, because they cannot pay an impossible rent. For this reason alone, coupled with the fear of the English government that they may become too numerous in Ireland, they are (from the grey haired grandfather down to the babe in the cradle) brutally bludgeoned or bayonetted and flung out on the roadside where some of them die and where thousands of them would die but for the Land League and the Tenants Defense Fund, subscribed to by their scattered countrymen at home and abroad. More heartrending scenes than these brutal evictions cannot be witnessed in any other part of the world. If the father or his sons and daughters show a desire to obstruct or delay eviction, they are bludgeoned or bayonetted and dragged out covered with blood, and imprisoned, while his wife, with piercing cry, and his young, wailing, shuddering, frightened children, shed tears enough to moisten the land that gave them birth. Soon after the oil can and match are applied to the roof that sheltered them lest they should seek shelter there again. The mercenaries that execute these brutal evictions are known to play with the lamentations and tears of the tenants young daughters by insulting them with obscene expressions and remarks, while a cordon of police sometimes keeps back a newspaper reporter from witnessing the cruel "enormities" perpetrated on the victims of England's Czarina.

Gladstone truly called these evictions "sentences of death." Archbishop Croke said "There is no other land, savage or civilized, where such scandalous and unchristianlike scenes could be enacted without a fierce contest and even bloodshed. The sending of crown forces to demolish the dwellings of the poor for the benefit of the pampered few is a crime that cries to heaven for vengeance." Place Irishmen on an equal footing with their enemies and rather suffer than what they are suffering they will fight them one to three, but like the criminal that is always afraid, the cowardly English government always takes care not to allow the people of Ireland any arms except sticks or stones, while its own hirelings are armed to the teeth. Mr. Ingalls, when speaking in the senate with regard to protection for American fishermen, said: "England has always been a ruffian, a coward and a bully among the nations of the earth, insolent to the weak, tyrannical to the feeble and cringing and obsequious to the strong. Her history for centuries has been a record of crime against the human race." A Hindoo lecturer said lately in England that "The British have degraded India and her people to the level of beasts, and that tens of thousands die yearly of starvation and all reports are suppressed." After reading some acts passed in the English parliament for governing Ireland, a Frenchman said, "Such laws could be only conceived in hell and executed by devils." Look at the meshes of the infernal plot woven to entrap Parnell, and the thousands of dollars offered P J Sheridan for perjury to deprive Parnell of his liberty if not of his life, because he is acting the part of a Christian to the people of Ireland. Could a more atrocious plot be conceived in hell or executed by devils? During fifty years reign of victoria, England's Czarina, 1,225,000 Irishmen have died of famine! 3,668 000 Irishmen have been evicted! And 4 168,000 Irishmen were compelled by English tyranny (commonly called law) to emigrate from their native land, though, governed by proper laws, that land could support five times its present population!

What I have stated are incontrovertible facts—facts that can eclipse the "enormities" of the Czar, and if the "stinging rebuke to be signed by every, man woman and child in this free republic" was not got up by some British-American association and a subsidized Anglo American press for the purpose of creating an ill-feeling between this country and Russia, I can't see why a more *stinging* one should not be got up and "circulated all over the United States to be signed by every man, woman and child in this free republic," and placed in the hands of England's Czarina, of lying Salisbury, and of brutal Balfour, requesting them to cease their inhuman and unchristian "enormities" in Ireland.

Irishmen have a stronger claim on the sympathy of the United States than Russians. Irishmen fought hard and well for the establishing of this republic. It was stated in the English house of commons before a committee appointed to inquire into the revolution, in answer to a question by Edmund Burke, and on the authority of Gen. Lee that *half the rebel continental army were from Ireland.* Evidence to this effect is supplied by the official register of officers and men from New Jersey who took part in the Revolutionary war. When the Declaration of Independence was signed in the old hall in Philadelphia, at least nine men of Irish birth or Irish descent put their names to the document. And from that day until the day that Gen. Pail Sheridan, with thousands of Irishmen or men of Irish descent, sheathed their swords and laid aside their muskets no men were more willing to fight for the United States. And whenever again there is need of Irishmen I am sure no people will be found more willing to give the stars and stripes a lift above England's robber flag or the flag of any other nation that would try to pull them down. Why then will not a "stinging protest be circulated all over the United States to be signed by every man, woman and child in this free republic" for the purpose of putting a stop to the brutal and inhuman "enormities" perpetrated on the people of Ireland under the reign of England's Czarina? It is because Ireland cannot pay agents and a hireling press as England can, *all through the United States!* I never had any doubt of the existence of God, but if anything made doubt the first thing would be the shocking, savage and brutal treatment of the Irish people for so long a time by their English enemies. T. COSTELLO.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

SHE SEES DOUBLE.

Miss Banim Declares that There are Two Limericks in Ireland.

"The Citizen" is Sorry that there are not More of the Same Kind.

It Prefers Old Limerick.

TWO LIMERICKS.

The Geography of Ireland only mentions one Limerick—a city on the River Shannon—yet in reality there are two Limericks, as distant and as separate as any two cities with a hundred miles between them could be, even though the crossing of a street alone divides one Limerick from the other.

The two cities differ in every particular but one, and even in that one there is a shade of distinction. For the most part, both are inhabited by true Irish families, but while in one Limerick the people are a modern people—are, in fact, the present generation, and in keeping with their big, modern houses, shops, factories, broad streets, beautiful new churches, clubs, hotels—cross but a line of street, and, without a moment's notice, you are really in the "City of the Violated Treaty," in the Limerick of history, and among a people of generations back.

As all travellers see the new city first, we will visit it before going to the old town of long ago.

Modern Limerick is a very bright, handsome city, and looks as if it was built all in one night, by one man, with one idea as to architecture, and who, for the disposal of his buildings, adopted the very simple plan of a series of straight, wide thoroughfares, running parallel with the Shannon for about a mile from north to south, and intersected at short intervals by wide streets gently sloping from east to west; so that whatever way one looks, up street or down, or along any by way, there is always a fine vista, which gives an idea of even greater extent of town than there actually is. Simple as is the plan, the effect is very good. The houses are fine, uniform blocks, well built within and without, and in general so well kept as to give the city a look of prosperity and elegance. The width of the principal thoroughfares allows free play to air and light, while, at the end of every cross street, the Shannon, broad and sparkling, is seen flowing between the town and the fresh green meadows and trees of the county Clare and the wooded slopes of Cratloe Hills. These glimpses of country and river, ever present to the sight, add much to the beauty of the town, as the breath of air that seems to come fresh from sea and mountain is always grateful, laden as it is with health and sunshine.

MODERN LIMERICK

is quickly and easily seen, and one is, perhaps, at first inclined to think it too new, too straightly up and down, and across: the houses all too much alike, and the people too much like those of other towns to afford more than a passing interest. But, now as the city looks, all those fine, five storied houses were built before the days of stuccoed villas; they were built more than one hundred years ago; and in a hundred years what events come to pass—how many people come and go? So even modern Limerick becomes most interesting as we grow familiar with its life and its scenes, while in the old town every spot has its memories.

Before going to Limerick I thought that the people of Wexford were, of all Ireland, the most history loving people, but I found that in Limerick—notably among the humbler classes—there if actually a passion for old stories, history, tradition; and I also found that nowhere in Ireland is it easier or pleasanter to make acquaintance with the people and obtain from them an amount of information that would make those who talk and write of "the ignorant Irish poor," wonder not a little at their own ignorance. Then, as for kindly manners—all I will here say on that subject is, that a hundred times over I have thought (and respectfully too) on parting from perhaps some of the very poorest and humblest—well, the "Curse of Limerick" has not fallen on her poor people at all events! And the curse of Limerick, we all know, is "Bad manners to you!"—a malediction that in this country is looked upon as even worse than the curse of Cromwell—which is bad enough. I am indebted, then, to the people both of the old town and the new for such stories of tradition and reminiscences of by gone times that my difficulty is to select and condense into the space of a few short articles. I am also indebted to Mr. Maurice Lenihan's most valuable 'History of Limerick," which I have principally used as the means of verifying statements. Of course, many of the traditions vary in detail, as they have gone on from generation to generation, but, on the whole, the people have a wonderfully accurate knowledge of places and of the historical events connected with each spot, and are always most anxious to point out whatever is remarkable in their own neighborhood, and refer one on to the best authority in the next place of note. I have thus frequently gone from—say, old Mrs. E——, of the second hand clothes shop, with a polite introduction to Mrs. M——, of the meal store, and the introduction never failed to yield both pleasure and profit.

WITH THIS LITTLE INTRODUCTION,

calculated to put us all on a friendly footing with its inmates, I will try to picture modern Limerick, beginning at the very graceful monument to O'Connell, which stands in the Crescent, at the extreme south end of the city, just 129 miles southwest of Dublin. The city actually begins with the Crescent, but a long suburb extends southwards, in which are military barracks, some terraces of newly built villas, the splendid convent and schools of the Sisters of Mercy, the Laurel Hill Convent, and the beautiful church of the Redemptorists Fathers, or "The Holy Fathers," as they are invariably called here, on account of their incessant labors for the good of the people.

The Crescent, with the upper part of George's street, is the "West End" of Limerick, where the professional men have their residences. Some sixty or seventy years ago it was a much more exclusively aristocratic spot, and was probably the neighborhood of which, in my childhood, a very old Limerick lady used to speak, In her youth, she said, there was one street so exclusively sacred to the gentility of the town that to the rest of the inhabitants it was known as "Acre my honor street." No one that I could find remembers the name now. "So passes the glory of the world." The Crescent, as the name denotes, widens out slightly in its centre, and from it begin to branch, left and right, the streets that lead to the quays and the Shannon on the one hand, to the People's Park, the railway, Pery square, etc., on the other; and all these side streets have, for the most part, the same fine houses, with the addition of trees drooping over the garden walls and adding their beauty to the pretty view at their western end. Many of these streets have been named after families who have been a long time connected with Limerick; Barrington—a name recalling many charitable works—Hartstronge street, after a Limerick man of that name, a celebrated lawyer who was created Baronet in 1661, and so on.

The view from the Crescent along the full length of the city is very fine. It has not the artistic beauty of a winding street with its roof-line broken by graceful gables; still, it has the beauty of perfect lines and of lovely lights when the early morning rays throw a soft, shadowy glow over the far north end—at mid day, when the southern sun streams full down its entire length, or, at sunset hour, slants through the openings where the many cross streets lead down to the river's edge.

Then the life of this thoroughfare of George's street is truly the gayest and brightest that I have seen in any city.

PRETTY GIRLS AND LACE.

Limerick has long been noted for its pretty girls and its lace—two productions which go daintily and well together—and in George's street one sees every day the Limerick lasses and the Limerick lace in their full perfection; for it is customary for the lasses, both of town and country, to walk a great deal up and down the fashionable street, and it is also the custom of a few lace makers to walk up and down near the hotel doors, working upon a piece of tambour lace, while, in a neat pink apron, each woman carries her stock in trade, the pink apron being worn as a becoming set of to the delicate fabric. This tambour work, pretty though it is, is not the really valuable Limerick lace, but a cheaper and inferior work.

As for the lasses, for two or three hours each fine day, they, with their pretty faces and gay toilettes, make the wide, well-flagged sidewalks into blooming parterres. At the present day they certainly uphold well the reputation of generations of the Limerick lasses, for they are, as a rule, very pretty girls, with exquisitely fair skin, good hair, regular features, pleasing, animated expression, and fine lithe figures, well set off by a graceful walk and carriage. Their taste in dress, too, is remarkable; simple costumes and well chosen colors, and the soft climate and clear air allow the wearing of an unusual amount of white and delicate colored fabrics, without the least appearance of their being out of place. The dress of the humble class of women is that of their class in all the southern Irish towns, and, where abject poverty does not exist, the dress is neat and respectable: a stuff gown, woolen shawl or long cloth mantle, a woolen kerchief, crossed in front, a neat apron, and a white cap. This latter has, in Limerick and Clare, a peculiarity I have not seen elsewhere. The "curtain" at the back is very long, well starched, and, in place of being stitched, down under the border, the ends turn up behind the ears.

So what with the pretty girls, the lads—young and old—who seem to be of my opinion with regard to the lasses; the handsome houses, the fine shops of every description; the life and bustle; the clean and even footways; the many points of interest in the dwellings on either hand, and the bright patches of river and landscape at the end of every crossway—George's street is a pleasant place for an afternoon walk.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman.*

PERSONAL.

Mr John Burke, the court crier of the United States courts, and one of the best known Irishmen in Milwaukee, was married to Miss Annie Buell, of Cleveland, O., at the church of the Holy Name, of that city, on Tuesday morning week.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ROMAN ECHOES.

The Funeral of Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's Brother, Marked by Solemn Ceremonies in the Eternal City.

Other Catholic Events of Interest.

THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL PECCI.

The body of Cardinal Joseph Pecci remained exposed to the public in the Barberini Palace until about noon on Monday. It was vested in cardinal's robes, with the scarlet biretta on his head. The features of the cardinal were not altered in the least, and the lineaments remained exactly lifelike until he was shut up in his coffin. The body reposed on an iron bed, covered with black velvet, ornamented with a gold border. The concourse of visitors to the room was truly extraordinary, and on Sunday afternoon it assumed such alarming proportions that it was found absolutely necessary to organize a system of order by the presence of the police, and later on a company of infantry attended to assist the police in their efforts to keep up the flow of people and retain a clear road for their exit after having been permitted to take a hasty glance at the brother of our supreme pontif. The act of identification was drawn up by Mons. dell' Aquila, protonotary apostolic, and signed by the three nephews of the deceased, who were present at his death, namely, Counts Camillus and Ludovicus Pecci and Mons. Spezza. The body was then enclosed in a tin coffin, in which was also placed the deed of identification, the funeral eulogy from the able pen of the celebrated epigraphist, Father Anthony Angelini, S.J.

THE ENCLOSING OF THE CORPSE

was witnessed by Mons. Sinistri, prefect of the apostolic ceremonies; the nephews of the cardinal—Mgr. Spezza, and the Counts Camillus Richard and Ludovicus Pecci; Count Michael Moroni, the Very Rev. Procurator-General of the Jesuits, Francis Ploegman; Rev. Father Ruggiero Freddi, provincial; Rev. Father de Maria, prefect of Studies at the Gregorian University; Rev. Father de Melis, companion of the provincial; besides the secretary and household of the defunct prelate. The bier was then placed under the baldacchino in the throne room, with lighted torches at the four corners. At 3:30 the body was conveyed privately in a hearse to the Constantine Basilica of the Twelve Apostles, and after the funeral services to its place in the cemetery of St. Lawrence without the walls. The hearse was surrounded by eight Cappi Neri, bearing torches and followed by several prelates, and some of the students from the Bohemian, Irish, and American Colleges, and other distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen.

IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES

there were present at the service, besides those who accompanied the funeral procession from the palace to the church, the procurator general and provincial of the Jesuits, the professor of the Gregorian University. The body was accompanied to the cemetery by the parish priests of St. Bernard's and the Constantine Basilica, and the absolutions were given by the Very Rev. Father Saldatics, general of the Conventuals, under whose care is the Basilica, assisted by Mgr. Gattoni, pontifical master of ceremonies. In the twelve carriages which followed the hearse were the nephews of the deceased, named above, Mgr. Cretoni, assessor of the holy office; Mgr. Sinistri, prefect of the apostolic ceremonies; Mgr. Azzocchi; Mgr. Spezza and his brother, Sig. Achilles Spezza, Bar, and others. The route along which passed the funeral procession was lined by police and carabineers, who also held the square of the Holy Apostles and the precincts of the cemetery, under the direction of Inspector Bo. On Tuesday morning, at 8:30 a.m., the body was deposited in the crypt of the Jesuits, near the last resting place of Cardinals Tarquini and Franzolin.

SOLEMN REQUIEM.

During the week solemn requiem masses have been celebrated in the principal basilicas for the soul of the cardinal brother.

IN THE CONSTANTINE BASILICA.

On Wednesday morning at 10:30 a solemn pontifical mass de requie was celebrated in the Constantine Basilica of the Twelve Apostles for the soul of Cardinal Joseph Pecci. The vast basilica was crowded to such an extent that it was difficult for the late comer to find even standing room. The celebrant at the mass was the Right Rev. Mgr. Francis Satolli, archbishop of Lepanto, president of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, and one of the first scholars of the defunct when professor at the University of Perugia, to which he was appointed upon leaving the Jesuit Society. The function was carried out under the able direction of Mgrs. Marzolini and Gattoni, pontifical masters of ceremonies. The vocal music was admirably executed by the choir of the Sistine Chapel. The mass was the funeral mass of Palestrina, under the direction of Prof. Calzanera; the Dies Irae was by Mustafa, in which they were directed by Prof. Cesari; after the Elevation they sang a refrain by Prof. Innocent Pasquali, of Carpineto, the birthplace of Cardinal Pecci; and the absolutions were by Cacciolini. The rendering of the different pieces was exact and the execution perfect.

AFTER THE MASS

the absolutions were given by his Eminence Cardinal Monaco La Valetta, dean of the Sacred College. The grand master of the Sovereign Knights of the Jerusalem Order of Malta assisted in state. There were present also the whole of the pontifical household en masse; also Very Rev. Father Anderledy, general of the Jesuits, who had come for that purpose from the head house of the Society at Fiesole, with the superior of the order; the nephews and other relations of the deceased; and the whole of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See, with their respective suites and families. The Roman and foreign aristocracy were very largely represented as well as the different religious orders, the various colleges, seminaries and schools in Rome, and all the sacred congregations which hold such a conspicuous and important place in the government of the church. The cardinals were received by Rev Lawrence Cuchini, secretary, and Rev. Philip Bricca, master of the chambers to the late cardinal. Perfect order at the doors of the Basilica and in the square outside was preserved by a strong body of police and carbineers, under the direction of Inspector Bo.

IN THE ARCHBASILICA OF ST JOHN LATERAN

On Friday the Cathedral church of Rome, and the world, was the scene of another of those majestic and solemn funeral masses which can be witnessed nowhere but in Rome, and in Rome only in the vast Basilica churches, where the ritual of the church is carried out in all its natural grandeur. Here also it was celebrated for the same defunct prince of the church, and the celebrant was also the same as at the Constantine Basilica, Mgr. Satolli being a canon of St. John Lateran. The imposing ceremony began at 10:30, in the presence of the chapter and clergy of the Patriarchial church. The mass was that of Perziani, and was beautifully sung by the choir of the Cappella Pia, under the direction of Prof. Capocci. Mgr. Satolli also gave the absolutions at the end.

IN ST. PETER'S

On the same day the Chapter of St. Peter's, in their own chapel, assisted at another requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Pecci, at which Mgr. Lenti, patriarch of Constantinople and viceregent of Rome, pontificated and gave the absolutions at the end. The choir of the Julian chapel sang the funeral mass composed by Prof. Meluzzi. There were present also in the chapel the nephews and relations of the departed cardinal.

AT THE GESU.

In this glorious and rich church of the Jesuits a solemn requiem mass was also celebrated on Friday by Mgr. Van den Branden de Reeth, bishop of Sistrea. His Eminence Cardinal Mazzella, S. J., imparted the absolutions at the end. The choir was most ably directed by Prof. Meluzzi. The many and various colleges under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers and also those who pursue their studies at the Gregorian University all attended, besides many of the other seminaries and colleges of Rome.

THE PAPAL COURT.

On account of the sad lot of his brother, the sovereign pontiff has not granted any audiences during the week. On Friday his Holiness went out to walk in the Vatican gardens. Although deeply sensible of the cruel blow he has received in his bereavement, he has borne it with marvelous resignation, and I am happy to be able to announce to the readers of the *Catholic Times* that his health continues satisfactory in the highest degree, even beyond the sanguine expectations of his private physicians. On the occasion of his brother's death the Pope has given orders to his chief almoner to distribute a large sum in alms among indigent families most deserving of help. His Holiness has also directed a thousand francs to be sent to the archbishop of Perugia for the sufferers by the disaster at Castiglione della Valle, in that archdiocese, caused by the falling down of a platform during a representation at the rural school in the little village, which is situated about fifty miles from the town of Perugia. On Tuesday in the Vatican a meeting took place of the Sacred Congregation of Rites to discuss the miracles of the Venerable Anthony Baldinacci, of the Society of Jesus. The cardinals composing the Sacred Congregation were present, assisted by the consultors and officials of the same congregation.

THE POPE AND THE DECREES OF THE YOUTHFUL KAISER.

The fact of the Emperor of Germany having taken the initiative to bring about a settlement of the vexed social question in Europe by means of an international congress has been received with much satisfaction at the Vatican, and the Holy Father has decided, in the case of being invited to take part in the congress, to do so most willingly provided no representative of the Italian government be present.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO TO EUROPE in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—LAKE SHORE ROUTE. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, agent, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

A Chance to Make Money.

MR. EDITOR: I bought one of Griffith's machines for plating with gold, silver, or nickel, and it works to perfection. No sooner did people hear of it than I had more spoons, knives, forks and jewelry than I could plate in a month. The first week I cleared $31.10, the first month $167 85 and I think by July 1st I will have $1,000 cash and give my farm considerable attention too. My daughter made $27.40 in four days. Any person can get one of these machines by sending $3 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, O., or can obtain circulars by addressing them. You can learn to use the machine in one hour. As this is my first lucky streak, I give my experience, hoping others may be benefitted as much as I have been. Yours truly, A SUBSCRIBER.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DROWNING SHIP.

The sombre clouds in the West did not belie their indications, although the sun, as he dipped below the horizon, flung his golden beams across a sea tranquil and unruffled as a sheet of ice.

"I never saw in my experience such a sudden fall in the barometer as during the past two hours," said the captain, as he leant over the taffrail, and looked in the direction of the setting sun.

"Yes; it has been an alarming fall," remarked the mate, who looked in that direction also, after he had glanced upwards at the bare masts, and furled sails. "I wish we were a degree or two lower down."

"Why?"

"We should be in a much safer position. I know this place well."

"So do I."

"It's the worst place in the whole Bay of Biscay."

"I should say it is, assented the captain. "Does it not strike you that there is a suffocating feel in the air?"

"I feel it."

"It has increased lately."

"Yes; it's positively choking."

"It's something curious and unusual in the air!"

"I fancy its electricity. It is not the heat."

"No, we have not got South enough yet for the simroom."

"Most extraordinary," said the mate walking over to the glass, and again taking note of it, "there is a still further fall. What does it mean?"

"Look here, Travers—look!"

The captain's voice ringing out sharply drew the mate quietly to his side.

"Do you see anything strange before you?"

"No," said the mate, glancing skywards, and then seawards. "Nothing but what I have seen before."

"Look again!"

"I see nothing unusual."

"Not there?"

The captain indicated with his finger the surface of the sea in the direction of the red sun-setted sky.

"Not there!"

Kevin who had been by permission of the captain, allowed to remain on the deck, was likewise standing some distance off, looking over the sea in the same direction.

Hearing the captain's words, he fixed his attention more earnestly on it. But all he could see was in the distance a slight ruffling and darkening of the silver surface of the water, as a slight breeze apparently came travelling at a gentle pace towards them.

"Ah!"

The mate said no more; as his eye fell on the advancing breeze; but in a frightened way fastened his gaze thereon.

"That's it," said the captain quietly.

"Yes, I fear so," said the mate.

"That's the forerunner."

The mate nodded his head, as he watched still the onward but slow advance of the rippled surface of the water.

"And look!—look up! What a sky!"

"How quickly it has grown black."

"And what a black!"

"Yes, and what a contrast with the rest."

As Kevin lifted his eyes to where the sky was rapidly becoming hidden in a gathering cloud of inky blackness, and marvelling much at it's curious and unusual appearance, he started as a hand was lightly laid on his shoulder.

"It's I, Kevin—don't start!"

"Oh, so it is," said Kevin, looking around.

"They've let me free!"

"Free?"

"Yes; free to come to you."

"That was very kind of them."

"All the others are chained, as if they were going on a march."

"I am glad you've come up."

"So am I. Do you know what, Kevin?" said he in a whisper, drawing close to the other.

"What?" said Kevin, taking his eyes off the ruffling sea and blackening sky to glance at the other's face. When he did, he noticed that the same expression of fear and restlessness was again in his eyes, the same yellow look of pallor in his face, and the old expression of being awfully frightened and hunted was about him!

"What?" said Kevin again in a whisper, although he knew well enough the cause.

"*He* has been here again?"

"Here?"

"Ay—before they took off the irons."

"In presence of the men?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"The same words. But he looked so angry! Oh, so angry!"

Kevin was silent for a time.

"Phelim!" said he at last.

"Yes," said the other.

"Do you see that sky?"

"Yes," said Phelim briskly, shaking off the haunting remembrances of his visitor, and looking up.

"You never saw such a sky as that in Clare?"

"No, not so black as that at this hour. It's very black."

"It is very black," said Kevin.

"What does it mean?"

"It means that your visitor spoke the truth!" said Kevin putting his mouth to the other's ear, and whispering him the words.

"That we'll be drowned?" said No. 37 without much surprise.

"It means there is a storm coming. So the mate and captain say. And they expect it to be an awful one."

"And they've prepared for it," said No. 37, glancing up at the tightly furled sails and bare poles. "I've often seen 'em runnin' past the shores of Clare that way when there was a gale on."

Kevin's attention was directed from his partner by the captain's exclamation—

"Here it comes!"

Slowly as it seemed to come, traveling over the countless miles of sea surface, it burst against the ship with great force, making the watchers hold on to the bulwarks, and causing the furled sails to flap against the side of the masts with great force.

The ship swayed unsteadily as the gale struck her.

"That's only the fringe; the body of the gale lies beyond," said the captain; and as Kevin looked at the latter when he spoke he noticed that his face had grown deadly pale—nearly as pale in fact as that of the haunted man beside him. But, for all that, there was no lack of quiet courage and self-possession visible thereon.

As the captain said, the burst of wind that had struck them was but the forerunner or advancing fringe of the hurricane.

The inky cloud that had gathered and blackened over the sunset, spread over the entire sky with marvellous rapidity.

The surface of the smiling sea, now reflecting the darkened sky above, grew likewise black. Whilst, heaping up its hitherto quiet waters into mountain waves, burst after burst of wind came along, striking the ship and hurling over her bare decks clouds of spray.

"It was well we took the precaution we did," said the captain. "We should be able to do very little with that sudden onrush of storm."

"I should never have thought of doing so from the mere falling of the glass," said the mate.

"I had another reason for it," said the captain gravely, "to which I attach even more importance."

"What was that?" asked the mate with curiosity.

"I shall tell you when the hurricane is over," said the captain; "you will say it's very remarkable. Look! did you ever see such lightning as that?"

As he spoke a flash of lightning shot out from the West, and, extending in a second all over the sky in a zig zag direction, seemed to strike and cleave through the heavy cloud of darkness, and, fading suddenly away, left a streak of burnt up purple red behind it in the sky.

They had scarcely time to express their astonishment and admiration of this, when, following on its course, another line of fire streaked the sky, and another, and another, until a network of fiery tracks stood against its black background.

As these zig zag flashes of red light were in like manner reflected from the darkened surface of the sea, now rolling under the influence of the growing storm in great waves, it formed a most extraordinary and weired appearance.

The vessel herself, as she began to plunge with the rising waves, seemed almost to cower and tremble at the approach of the unusual storm. The sea birds came in small groups and clusters, as if for mutual support, and took their places on the masts and in the furled up rugging.

"The sooner we batten down the hatches the better," said the captain. "Call the men. Oh! you here!" said he, as Kevin moved from his post of observation. "I am afraid your informant was right. Is he with you? I desired him to be set free!"

"He is. He is here," whispered Kevin in return.

"You had better take your place in my cabin. You can do no good here. You would be in the way of the men during the storm."

"We seem to be in for a bad night," said Kevin, as his eye fell again on the sea and sky, lit up by the lightning.

"I never saw greater indications," said the captain, moving away.

"Come, Phelim, come!" said Kevin to his companion; "come below! Thank God! we are not to be left during the storm with the others. Come on!"

They both descended the companion-ladder, and selecting a small cabin off the captain's, took their places there; and whilst the hammering overhead indicating the battening down of the hatches, and other preparations to enable the ship to ride out the hurricane went on, Kevin watched from the little window the lightning as it shot through the sky or reflected redly in the water, whilst his companion, who had been getting very little rest of late, lay down on the sofa and went to sleep.

The storm came on apace. Gust succeeded gust, and wave succeeded wave, until the vessel rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea! And as each body of water struck against her with the force of hundreds of tons, the timbers of the cabin creaked and strained, and the vessel staggered and moaned, as if it were a living thing, cruelly beaten by some heavy instrument.

At other times the reeling vessel plunged downwards, or some on coming wave rolled over her, and in the darkness of the cabin and the dim light of the rushing mass of water outside, Kevin started to his feet, as a sense of suffocation came over him, and thought he was drowning.

A flash of lightning gleaming through the receding waters as the laboring vessel lifted her head again from beneath them, let the startled blood once more flow through his veins, thereby relieving the terrible feeling at his heart.

"I wonder what is Norah thinking of now?" was the question that arose in his mind. "I wonder does it ever occur to Maury that I'm so near drowning?"

But the succession of startling surprises, as the vessel pitched forward, fell back on her beam ends, or lay helplessly on her side, gave permission but seldom for these thoughts.

A sudden and alarming roll of the vessel on her side, causing him to slip from his hold and fall, for the first time made him aware that there was water under his feet, and that for some time he had been standing in several inches of it.

"If she leaks like this everywhere she won't float much longer," thought Kevin, as his heart leaped into his mouth at the sudden discovery.

"Phelim, are you awake? Phelim!" cried he to his companion, who, with his arm through the leather fastening had slept soundly through all the storm.

"Who's that?" said the sleeper.

"It's I—Kevin."

"Oh, so it is. Where are we? Oh, yes, now I remember. It is very stormy."

"It is. It's awful. I wonder how you could sleep so well."

"I didn't sleep so well since I came aboard."

"Not disturbed?"

"No. What's amiss with the ship?"

"There's an awful storm amiss with her," said Kevin. "The hatches are battened down, and the ship is leaking."

"You are right there!" said the captain from behind. They turned round. He was standing at the entrance of the little cabin, his sou wester and oil-cloth covering glistening with spray and wet.

"You are quite right there. Can you both work? Work at the pumps?"

"If we can stand," answered Kevin, who had difficulty in retaining his feet, even with the assistance of his hands, holding on to the window; "we can work."

"Come along then. We can lash you to the pumps. The men are nearly exhausted already. The water is gaining fast."

It would be hard for it to fail in gaining, Kevin thought, as a huge wave, lifting itself sheerly up, struck against the poop of the vessel, making it quiver and tremble through its whole length. A succession of these would sever its fastenings though they were made of triple steel.

"Any sign of the storm going down?" asked Kevin as they ascended the companion-ladder.

"None," said the captain.

That there was none the most unskilful eye might see from the deck.

The storm roared and howled with shrieking force among the ropes and cordage; and its increasing pressure upon the sides of the ship was making her run with great speed even under bare poles. And whenever a wave, rushing past, bore her, broadside, clumsily on its summit, the sheer force of the continuous pressure of the hurricane against her threw her immediately on her side, so that her tall masts lay nearly prone on the water.

One of these occasions occurred just as they had taken their positions at the pump, and had been safely lashed thereto, to prevent their being swept away by the wind or sea.

As the vessel lay thus, a following wave, striking against her keel, nearly turned her over and capsized her.

"She'll never right herself!" said one of the sailors at work with them, as they suspended operations, the horizontal position of the pumps preventing them from working.

It would, indeed, seem as if she would not, for the suction of the water on her furled sails and on her masts, as well as the pressure of the hurricane, prevented her from righting.

A wave passing over, however, produced an unexpected shock.

"What's that?" said Kevin to one of his fellow-workers as the floor of the deck trembled beneath them.

"The mast has gone—that's what it is," said the sailor.

Looking round, Kevin saw that the mast had broken across a few feet above the deck, and now, in a vast entanglement of ropes, was lying over the side of the vessel, the top dipping in the water, and pulling down visibly the deck of the ship in that direction.

The piping of the whistle of the mate, however, brought some of the sailors with hatchets to the rescue; and after some rapid and energetic working the broken mast, with its entourage of ropes and furled sails, was cut adrift. They could see it, when the lightning gleamed, lying an unwieldy monster on the top of the wave; its broken end occasionally lifting higher in the air, and its long lines of severed cordage blown streaming about with the resistless force of the hurricane.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

We Caution All Against Them.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many soventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation of it. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents.

How Business Men Travel

The New York *Sun* in a recent article on "Busy Men on the Cars," referring to two prominent New York business men who have important interests in Chicago and New York, says: "Both men travel with small, light valises or dispatch boxes, which are constructed especially to hold papers, documents, telegraph blanks, pads, files, and so on. The amount of work accomplished in the twenty-five hours between Chicago and New York was usually very great, for there was practically no interruption, and schemes were figured out and decisions arrived at in practical tranquility, though they were most of the time running along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The advantages of American railroad travel are eminent in a case of this sort, for a section or private compartment on this train, with movable tables, facilities for being shaved and eating meals at regular hours, practically give a man the advantages of his own office. It is the most successful effort yet to annihilate time and space."

The train referred to in this article is the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route, leaving Van Buren street station every day at 5:30 p. m. F. M. Byron, city passenger and ticket agent, 66 Clark street; C. K. Wilber, western passenger agent.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

AN ENTERTAINING LETTER

From the Pen of Eleanor Kirk—Missionary Work at Old Trinity.

She Does not Believe the Story About "Spooks" at the Stewart Mansion.

BROOKLYN, March 17.—No more successful missionary work was ever known in New York than that accomplished by the Rev. Phillips Brooks in Old Trinity during the last week. The beautiful edifice was crowded every noontime by bankers, brokers, and down town business men. The congregation would have numbered many women had they been invited, but as it was, only one woman was admitted, and she was said to be a writer for a western syndicate. Her business was to draw pen pictures of the bulls and bears there assembled, and certainly the occasion was both rich and rare. A better opportunity for the use of a facile pen could scarcely be imagined. Phillips Brooks was at the very height of his marvelous inspirational power, and every man in the vast audience was enthused by it.

The Stewart mansion, known to many as "The Marble Mausoleum," on account of its always sombre and deserted appearance, has been at last leased to the Manhattan Club. The story of a former servant concerning "the walking of the old man" has not appeared to scare anybody very much, though the narrative as I heard it, is enough to freeze the blood in the veins of the most materialistic unbeliever. Now, somebody will write and ask if I credit this yarn, if I omit to say right here that I do not—so please make a note of this negative. The account of this apparition may be true, however, but it is not sufficiently vouched for to meet my wants. Had some friend whose word I trusted in other matters told me that he had seen the late A. T. Stewart walking about his house clad in a long white night gown in the dead of night, I should not be so ready with my "don't believe." But no such testimony has reached me. Truly I do not think that the Manhattan Club will ever be troubled by the sight of "the old man looking for his bones."

While we are on this somewhat ghastly subject I wish to state that Margaret Fox Kane, who confessed to having gulled a believing public for thirty-five years or more, and who gave public exhibitions to show how she tipped tables and made her joints crack, has now gone over to the spiritualists again, and some of them have been fools enough to receive her with open arms. Margaret now says that she was psychologized into being hired to go back upon her principles. It is currently reported that Judge A. H. Dailey of this city is about to introduce a bill in the legislature which calls for the arrest and punishment of every person who is found guilty of fraud in this matter. It is about time that somebody did something.

There is an article in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine* that every intelligent person desiring to keep pace with the thought and physiological progress of the time, should carefully read. It is by William James, and is called "the Hidden Self." The impression which this paper must leave on the fair and logical mind is one of caution. It is clearly shown that we must not turn up our noses at what this writer is pleased to call "the unclassified residuum." "Your Galileos, Galvanis Fresnels, Parkinjes and Darwins are always getting confounded and troubled by insignificant things," says Mr. James. "Anyone will renovate his science who will steadily look after the irregular phenomena." It is certainly a fact that the most scientific searchers are the most modest, and the least likely to condemn that which they cannot understand

I am requested to state whether or not I believe in the chronic use of quinine. I am thoroughly surprised at such a question after all I have said upon the folly of continually dosing with drugs. I believe quinine is a valuable remedy in certain physical disturbances, and I also think that the old fashioned way of taking quinine in pills, as I have previously stated, is a very bad way. In the first place, the drug is mixed with a hard substance which has to be acted upon by the gastric juices before the quinine can take effect.

Sometimes this substance is not dissolved, and so the only thing accomplished is an upsetting of the stomach and a general demoralization of the system. If quinine is necessary, provide yourselves with the soft capsules of quinine sulphate. These capsules dissolve as soon as they enter the stomach, and the quinine is immediately dispatched on its mission of healing. Physicians generally are prescribing these soft capsules, and with the best effect. But do not continually take any medicine.

Gov. Hill is said to be extremely fond of the drama, and especially likes a play that will make him laugh. His appreciation of "The County Fair," with Nell Burgess as "Miss Abby," was so thorough that everybody in his immediate vicinity had another element of enjoyment added to the programme. David B. Hill is a dignified individual, and has excellent control of his facial muscles; but "Miss Abby's pantaletts were too much for the governor and when his countenance did break up it was a revelation of hidden and quite unsuspected depths of humor. His verdict that "the 'County Fair' was the best piece of broad comedy he had ever seen in his life," was as generous as his mirth was unrestrained.

To the scores of women who have lately inquired for the address of Miss M. G. Anderson, the metropolitan guide and shopper, I would say once more that it is No. 305 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y., and I should be obliged to them if they would make a note of this in their memorandum books. Miss Anderson will purchase anything desired at the lowest cash prices. Indeed, so deft and accomplished is this buyer of goods for all creation, that the small commission charged for her labor is never felt by those who employ her services. In other words, Miss Anderson saves money for her clients.

Miss Emma Abbott has just finished an engagement at the Amphion, Brooklyn. It has been a very successful one, and on the last evening there was not standing room in the beautiful theatre. I heard "Martha" in the afternoon, and, although I have listened to the opera scores of times, I never knew it so well rendered. If Miss Abbott had not been a plucky little woman she would certainly have disappointed her audience last week on account of a severe cold. My readers all know by this time that I entertain somewhat advanced ideas on the subject of hygiene, and I found out that the reason this artist could sing, and sing quite as well as usual under circumstances that most other singers would have succumbed to, was because she knew how to breathe and how to manage her voice without rasping any of the vocal organs. When I saw her in her dressing room after the performance I was surprised to find how very hoarse she was. But it is a fact that she never gave that trying song, "The Last Rose of Summer," more sweetly or more artistically, and because her audience was so delighted with it she gave it the second time, notwithstanding her indisposition. A friend of Miss Abbott, who has known her ever since she was a little girl, declares that she never once saw her ill natured, nor forgetful of the feelings of others. What with her cold and the anticipation of the evening's performance, the scores of friends that crowded her dressing room and waited at the wings—some of them not especially delicate or thoughtful in their demands upon her, the tenor who waited to have his voice tried, and the young and attractive woman who had come to talk about an engagement, it seemed to me it was not human not to be cross. But she wasn't. The Sohmer upright was rolled out of the draught, the accompanist took her seat, and the tenor commenced. It was business, tough, unpostponable business, but the manageress smiled and encouraged, and so I left them. Whether the tenor passed, I am not aware, and whether the dear friends who "must see Emma" took their departure in time for her to rest a bit before she was obliged to go on again, I am also in ignorance. But I do know one thing, and this is that I am very fond of smart women. ELEANOR KIRK

GAELIC PROSE.

Notaidh air Staid na Gaedhilge.

[*Irish-American.*]

Ins an leabhar "Martin Chuzzlewit," scriobhtha le Séarius Dicens, tá cuntas cianoibreathach, b'fhéidir, air chuairt Mháirtín chum na tire so. Ba Sacsanach óg Mártin agus go direach mar do chuir sé a chos air thalamh thirm, shoir America, an cheud duine do casadh leis ba h-é fear ró chaintesch darab ainm Colonel Dibber. Ba fear eagair páipéir an Colonel, agus tar éis seanchais beagáin móimeint do bheith aige le n-a charaid nuadh, do ghlac sé air féin Mártin do threorughadh air fud na cathrach. Air d-tús chuaidh siad go h-oifig an Cholonel. Annsin do casadh leo fear beag eile leath-bháite i g-cárnán mór páipeur; bhí péire deimhis aige in a láimh, agus mar do rith a shúil rios agus suas aghaidh gach páipeir, do gheárr se amach anois agus arís na píosaidhe nuaidheachta do mheas sé a bhéidheadh taithcamhach d'á léightheoiribh féin; dir bhí an chuid ba mó de pháipeur an Cholonel sgriobhtha (go h-oic) le deimheas, go direach mar a tá mórán páipeur sgriobhtha andiu. Gan mhoill d'tompuigh an Dibbereach chum Mártin, agus ag dírigheadh a mhéir chum an fhir bhig, dúbhairt sé:

"So é mo sgriobhóir eogaidh,—Jefferson Brick! Gan amhrus chuaidh tú tomrádh air Jefferson Brick, a Shaoi. Chuaidh na Sacsanaighe go léir tomrádh air Jefferson Brick. Chuaidh gach duine air fud na h-Eurápa tomrádh air Jefferson Brick!"

Annso do rinneadh iarraidh le Mártin nidh éigin do rádh, acht sul b'fhéidir leis aon fhocal do chur as a bheul, do labhair an Colonel:

"Anois, a Shaoi," ar sé le Mártin, "táir go mall ó Shacsain, agus ba mhaith liom dá n-innseochá dam cia acu de sgríbhinidh Jefferson Brick ba neamhthaithneamhaighe do Pharliméid do thíre agus do Chúirt Naoimh Stéamais. Tá ádhbhar mór agam le creideamhain go g-croitheann Uaisle do thíre in a m-brógaibh anuair a chluin siad ainm mo pháipéir no ainm Jefferson Brick; agus mar sin de, ba mhaith liom fios d'fhághail uait-se cia acu de sgríbhinidh an fhir chúmhachdaigh so a d'oibrigh an chasgairt is mó in a measg."

"Air m'fhocal," arsa Mártin, ní féidir liom aon eolas a thabhairt duit air an g-ceist; dírní fearach dam go g-cualaidh mé ainm do pháipéir no ainm Jefferson Brick ariamh go d-tí an lá a n-dú."

"Stad!" ars an Dibbereach i nguth ro-fheargach, "an é a deir tú nach g-cualais ainm mo pháipéir ariamh? Nach g-cualais ainm Jefferson Brick go d-tí an lá a n-dú? An é is mian leat do rádh nach riabh eolas agad air mhóreagla rightheadh agus éirteoiridh na h-Európa anuair a chluin siad na h-anmanna sin?"

"Sin iad na focla ba mhian liom a rádh, a Shaoi," arsa Mártin, go cúin.

"Bí foighideach, a Jefferson! ars an Colonel. "Ná sgoilt! Ol a dhaoine dona na h-Európa! Tar éis sin bídheadh gioine fíon againn!"

Is neamh-ghnáthach an tús é sin air litir, agus go h-áirighthe air litir cumtha i nGaedhilig; acht bheirim an seanchas úd mar shórt seóhair d'intinn an t-Shaoi Uí Lóchain a sgríobh litir leath-mholta agus leath-cáine orm in do pháipeur beagán seachtmhain ó shoin. Is mian liom taisbeánt dé nach é an cheud fhear-eagair a bhí mealita i d-taoibh éifeachda agus fairsinge a chló féin agus cló a pháipéir.

Bhí iongantus air Cholonel Dibber 'nuair a chualaidh é nár chraith bainríoghan na Sacsan agus a h-uaisle na fiacla as a ngialaibh ché luath agus léigh siad focla bríoghmhara Jefferson Brick; acht bhí níos mó ná iongantus air, eolas d'fhábhail nach g-cualaidh an baiorfoghan óg sin (is seanbhean í anois, acht bhí sí 'nna maoot óig 'nuair a sgríobh Dicens an leabhar so) a ainm féin, ainm Jefferson Brick, no ainm a pháipéir ariamh. Acht mór mar a bhí iongantas an Dibhreigh, samhluigheann sé go bh-fuil iongantas Uí Lóchain níos mó 'nuair a léigheann sé go bh-fuil ogánach darab ainm Féilim Ua Tuathail a chómhnuigheas amuigh ameasg fáraigh na tíre so, dá mhíle míle no níos faide ó chathair Bhruachlinne nach g-cualaidh ainm an Lóchánaigh no ainm a pháipéir ariamh! Sin í clú agaibh! Go bh-fóirighidh Dia air cheann eríonn an Lóchánaigh! Is gnáthach linn féin a g-cómhnuidhe baramhail só mhór bheith againn as ár saothar, acht 'nuair a ghabhann fios air bharamhail an domhain in ár d-taobh, feicimid gur ró-bheag an domhan—sin é an domhan a aithnuigheas sinn no ár n-obair.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to day.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 689 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2033 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 33d place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O. S. B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 35 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarkst.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Carolina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 336 Ashland av

St. Antnony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 499 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. F. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 326 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Baths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 331 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barsynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m. high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O. S. B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 2919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

PRINCE BISMARCK OUT.

He Resigns the Chancellorship of the German Empire.

MUCH EXCITEMENT OVER THE NEWS.

A Rumor That All the Ministers and Their Colleagues Have Also Resigned—A Prospect That the English Striking Coal Miners Will Be Granted Their Demands by the Bosses—The Dock Laborers Not So Fortunate.

BERLIN, March 18.—It was stated Monday evening that both Prince Bismarck and Count Herbert Bismarck had resigned and that the emperor had accepted the resignation of the chancellor.

LONDON, March 18.—The bankers here have dispatches from their agents in Berlin assuring them that the refort of Prince Bis-

PRINCE BISMARCK.

marck's resignation is true. Whether the emperor has accepted it is still a matter of doubt. There is intense excitement on the Berlin bourse over the crisis. Everything will be in suspense until a definite announcement is made. A rumor comes from Berlin that in consequence of the resignation of Bismarck all the ministers and their colleagues have resigned.

THE MEN WILL WIN.

Present Outlook of the Great Miners' Strike in England.

LONDON, March 18.—The outlook for a victory for the striking miners grows more favorably hourly. It looks now as if the men would surely win. Many more of the mine owners in Nottinghamshire and Lancashire have conceded the demands of the men. The feeling is growing that the men will refuse to meet on Thursday the committee of mine owners appointed for the purpose of conferring with the men and adjusting their differences. It is believed the men will insist on their demands in full.

The Dock Laborers' Strike.

The strike of the Liverpool dock laborers on the other hand shows signs of collapsing. The leaders of the strike have lost control of the men, and the latter are very much disposed to arbitrate. New hands are arriving at a rapid rate.

A Defaulting Vienna Lawyer.

LONDON, March 18.—Herr Markbrette, a prominent lawyer of Vienna, has been discovered to be a defaulter to the amount of $150,000. The police are after him, but thus far he has eluded arrest, and it is thought that he has fled the country.

Discovery in Photography.

VIENNA, March 18.—It is announced that a photographer named Veresss, in Klausenberg, Transylvania, has succeeded in taking a photograph in natural colors.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

A White Mississippian To Be Hung for Killing a Negro.

JACKSON, Miss., March 18.—Mel J. Cheatham, who is to be hanged in Grenada on Wednesday, will be the first white man ever executed in this state for the murder of a negro. James S. Longstreet, of Grenada county, the lawyer who defended Cheatham, made his last appeal to the governor but could not move him to commute the sentence or grant a respite. The best citizens of Grenada county have also petitioned the governor for a commutation, but to no purpose. The governor said that he was convinced that Cheatham was guilty, and he did not propose to interfere with the sentence. Cheatham's victim was James Tillman, and the killing was a cold-blooded assassination.

Arrested for Bigamy.

ASHLAND, Wis., March 18.—Herman Kruschke, who has hitherto held an honorable position in this city, where he has considerable property, has been arrested on the charge of bigamy, the complainant being a resident of Appleton. Kruschke, who is of Polish birth, is about 60 years old and has a wife and family here. The complainant alleges that Kruschke married her thirty-six years ago; that she bore him six children and lived with him until fifteen years ago, when, she alleges, he deserted her and has been trying to get a divorce ever since. Kruschke resisted the officers who served the warrant of arrest and had to be taken to jail by force.

Having a Glorious Time.

GUADALAJARA, Mexico, March 18.—The special train from Chicago en route to the City of Mexico, conveying the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, arrived here from Zacatecas at 5 p. m. Monday. It was a triumphal progress all the way. At Aguascalientes the state government officials met them and escorted them with music to the palace, where a reception was held. At El Castillo they were taken to the falls of Juanacatlan, the "Niagara of Mexico," and the governor gave a reception. The same programme was carried out here, with the addition of the illumination of the city. The party has been royally treated.

Will Make War on the Chinaman.

NEW YORK, March 18.—The proprietors of the big steam laundries in the United States, representing, it is said, $36,000,000 in their plants, have decided that the Chinese laundrymen must be driven out of the business. The chief executive committee of the master laundrymen met in this city and decided that the association shall do everything, so far as it can, to wrest from the Chinese the control of the laundry business. This action was precipitated by the attempt of the Chinese Six companies to purchase the largest laundries in the United States and run them exclusively by Chinamen.

ACQUITTED THE MINISTER.

Close of the Trial of Rev. Helmick for Killing Ed Palmer.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, March 15.—The trial of D. M. Helmick for the killing of Ed Palmer at Neola last August has just closed, and the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. The result was not unanticipated, for the sentiment of the public has been with the preacher. He was the Methodist clergyman at Neola and was prominent in his warfare on the saloons of the place. He had made himself obnoxious to that element and also to Palmer, it was alleged, by interfering in his family affairs, and his life had been threatened.

It Was a Random Shot.

The preacher armed himself, and when, on a dark night, he rode up to his own door and was greeted by a volley of eggs he drew his revolver, shot at random, and Palmer fell mortally wounded. He was indicted for manslaughter. A full and impartial showing of the facts in the case was made on the trial, and the verdict is a full vindication of the purpose of the preacher. When the verdict was read the crowd in the court-room cheered.

NARROWLY ESCAPED LYNCHING.

Arrest of an Irishman on a Most Terrible Charge.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 15.—John Gartland, an Irishman 40 years of age and employed in a Newburg rolling mill, has been arrested on a charge of having attempted to rape his own mother, who is 70 years of age. The warrant for Gartland's arrest was sworn out by his sister, who claims to have discovered her brother in the act of commiting the assault. Rolling mill hands and former friends of Gartland when they heard of the affair got a rope and started out to lynch him, but he saw them coming and escaped by running One shot was fired at the fleeing brute, but he escaped unharmed. He is now safe in the police station.

AN ASTOUNDING SITUATION.

A Quarter of a Million Miners Involved in a Strike in England.

LONDON, March 15.—A general strike throughout the country has been decided upon by the Miners' federation in consequence of a failure to secure an increase in miners' wages from the masters. This presents an astounding situation, as at least 250,000 miners are involved. The news when received at the stock exchange in the morning produced an absolute stagnation, though prices were but slightly affected.

Married His Deceased Wife's Sister.

NEW YORK, March 14.—A Herald special from Pittsburg, Pa., says: United Presbyterian church circles are much excited over the marriage of the Rev. Dr. R. B. Ewing, pastor of the Sixth church, one of the wealthiest congregations in Pittsburg, to a sister of his deceased wife. There is a United Presbyterian law which expressly forbids such marriages. Dr. Ewing contends that the law has long been obsolete, and that an attempt to enforce it would disrupt the denomination. So many of the members of his congregation differed with him, however, that he has tendered his resignation as pastor. The case will go to the presbytery.

Run Down by a Train.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 12.—The Rev. David McGrew, pastor of the colored Baptist church at Armstrong, Mrs. Andrew Beyman, and Will Jackson, all colored, were run over by the Union Pacific train and killed. They were accompanied by Andrew Beyman, William Sheehan, and another man named Jackson, and were returning from Armstrong, where they had attended a prayer meeting. At the time of the accident all six were on a high fill just across the river. The three latter jumped down the embankment and escaped unhurt.

The Illinois Wheat Crop.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 14.—According to reports received by the state board of agriculture the wheat crop of Illinois sustained serious injury by the recent cold snap. Wheat commenced growing to such an extent during the warm weather that the two or three days of freezing weather killed out a good deal of it. The Fulz wheat, grown entirely in southern and central Illinois, appears to have sustained the greatest injury. Official reports show that the fruit crop is badly damaged. The peach crop is almost completely destroyed.

A Crisis in France.

PARIS, March 14.—The rejection by the senate of Premier Tirard's motion for a vote of confidence on the question of the commercial treaty with Turkey had the anticipated result. Immediately after the meeting of the cabinet Friday morning the cabinet resigned in a body. President Carnot accepted the resignation of the ministry as a whole, but requested each member to present his resignation at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Trap Shooting at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 15.—Five hundred people gathered at National park Friday afternoon to witness the trap shooting exhibition given by the United States Cartridge company's team. The eastern team were victorious. Stannard, of Milwaukee, made the best score of the day, getting thirty-eight out of a possible forty. Score—Eastern team total, 164; Western team, 161.

Effect of Longshoremen's Strike.

NEW YORK, March 15.—The longshoremen's strike at the Liverpool docks is likely to produce results that may seriously affect commerce and passenger traffic between this country and England. Agents of the steamship companies have received dispatches saying that the Alaska, Wyoming and Arizona and the City of Rome have been withdrawn from the service until a settlement of the strike.

Cattle in the Northwest.

HELENA, Mont., March 14.—Private advices received from Maple Creek, Northwest territory, in reply to inquiries by owners to the foremen of their herds, say that the snow is about gone, and that there has been no loss whatever in cattle in that section this winter. For all kinds of stock Montana and the Northwest territory have not had so favorable a season for the past ten years.

Leonard Easily Throws Faulkner.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 15.—Two thousand people Friday saw Hugh Leonard defeat James Faulkner in a wrestling match for $500 under the auspices of the Buffalo Athletic club. The first bout was Graeco-Roman style and was won in 20 minutes and 19 seconds. The second bout was catch-as-catch-can and was won in 16 minutes and 48 seconds.

Water Falling at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 14.—At 7:30 a. m., the government gauge showed sixteen feet six-tenths, a fall of four-tenths of a foot from the highest point reached Thursday. Rain fell slowly all night. The streets along the river front are free of overflow water except at St. Peter's street.

DISASTER AT TROY, N. Y.

Tons of Earth Swept Down Warren's Hill.

A DOUBLE BRICK HOUSE DESTROYED

And Two Women and a Child Are Crushed to Death—Miraculous Escape of the Other Inmates of the House—The Accident Happens Without a Moment's Warning to the Doomed People—Recovering the Bodies.

TROY, N. Y., March 15.—A calamity resulting in the death of three persons occurred in the lower part of the city at 3 o'clock in the morning, when tons of clay and moistened earth swept down Warren's hill, and carried before it a double brick house situated on the east side of Haverman's avenue, about 100 feet south of Washington street. Not an intimation of the approaching disaster was received. The residents of the locality went to their rest at night unconscious of the impending doom. They had lived under the shadow of Warren's hill for years and felt secure. The first note of warning came, when at 3 o'clock a roaring sound was almost immediately followed by a crash that sounded for blocks away and awakened householders to a scene which they will never forget.

A List of the Killed.

The first arrivals at the spot were enveloped in clouds of dust, and through the gloom a pile of debris was all that could be discerned. Two hours elapsed before the extent of the accident could be learned. Conflicting stories were told of the number of people burned in the ruins of the house, and the facts were difficult to obtain until daylight. The occupants of the house were sixteen in number. The killed are: Mrs. Johanna Hogan, widow, aged 40 years; Mrs. Mary Noonan, her mother, aged 86 years; Annie Burns, grand-child of Patrick Canfield, aged 11 years. The persons killed occupied sleeping apartments in the rear part of the building Others who escaped miraculously were in the front of the house. The senior Canfield was slightly bruised about the legs but was able to walk.

Recovery of the Bodies.

Hundreds of volunteers under the direction of Sergt. Lawton, of the First precinct, and Officers Cunningham and Fox, commenced work at once upon the debris, and at 5:30 o'clock the body of the child was taken from the ruins and removed to Burke's undertaking rooms. Her back was bruised. The aged Mrs. Noonan was found a few minutes later and near her the body of Mrs. Hogan was discovered. The remains were taken to Nealon's undertaking rooms. Mrs. Hogan was so badly disfigured about the head that it was impossible to recognize her. The injuries to Mrs. Noonan consist of a broken leg. The two women were undoubted suffocated beneath the wreck.

Miraculous Escapes from Death.

One of the most singular features of the disaster is the fact that all the persons in the building who were not killed outright succeeded in extricating themselves from the mortar, bricks and timber unassisted. Before help had arrived they were safe on the street, mingling with the crowd and helping in the search for the buried bodies. The clay bank is hundreds of feet high, towering at an angle of 45 degrees from the dwellers on Haverman's avenue. The portion which became loosened started 200 feet up the slope, and by the time it had reached Canfield's house the force of the tons upon tons of dirt was terrific. Next to the brick house on the north is a two-story fragile wooden house, occupied by the family of James Carroll. The landslide did not touch this building.

COLLAPSE OF A BRIDGE.

Two Men Instantly Killed and Four Others Badly Hurt.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., March 15.—At half-past 10 o'clock in the morning an old wooden bridge across the Hudson river connecting this city with South Glens Falls, gave way, precipitating seven workmen to the rocks beneath, a distance of thirty feet. Two men were instantly killed, and their bodies rolled into the river and floated away. Their names are Nelson Sanscoui, a workman, and George Carr, a mail carrier, who was standing on the bridge, watching the work. Carr's body was recovered a half mile down the river; that of Sanscoui has not been found.

Narrow Escape of Four Others.

Four workmen were injured. Thomas Holleran's leg was broken and he was otherwise bruised and injured. The names of the other three have not yet been learned. They are known to have been badly injured. These four men were saved from drowning by clinging to the logs and floating down the river. They were rescued by men in boats a mile below the wrecked bridge. The bridge was being torn down to make way for the new iron bridge which has been the subject of exciting litigation between the towns of Queensbury and Moreau for several years.

Awful Boiler Explosion.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 15.—Two boilers at the Northwest colliery, three miles north of Carbondale, exploded with terrible force during the noon hour, while a large number of men were in the room eating their lunch. The buildings were hurled to the ground and the flying pieces of the boilers went hundreds of feet in the air. Two of the men, George Ross, of Carbondale, and Peter Titson, of Northwest, were torn into piece. Several others were painfully injured.

An Old Man Incinerated.

LYONS, Neb., March 15.—Orson Sobers, aged 87 years, living alone eight miles northwest of Lyons, was burned to death between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning. The fire is supposed to have caught from a lamp. His son discovered the flames and went to his father's rescue, but he was too late, the old gentleman's legs and both arms being burned off. The house and contents were destroyed.

Two Children Poisoned.

GREENSBURG, Pa., March 15.—Two children of Mrs. John Cline, aged respectively 10 and 12 years, ate freely of a sweet-scented root found in the garden, and in a short time were taken violently ill. One of them died in great agony in less than two hours, and the other, while still living, is not expected to recover. The root is said to have been wild parsnips.

Suffocated by Gas.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 15.—Harry Beer, a young cattle dealer at Calverton, living at 1726 Frederick avenue, was suffocated to death in his room by gas. His entire family had a narrow escape from death also.

Fire at Frankfort, Ky.

FRANKFORT, Ky., March 15.—The large clothing and shoe house of Crutcher & Stark, together with Mattern's photograph gallery, was destroyed by fire Friday morning. Loss, $40,000; insured.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A son of Compte De Lesseps, known as "Young De Lesseps," though 56 years of age is arranging for a visit to this country with his family.

Munemitsu Mutsu, formerly the Japanese minister to this country, will probably be the president of the new Japanese house of representatives.

J. H. Burchfield, a desperado of Lady Lake, Fla., was shot and instantly killed by his son in self defense.

The projectors of a tower at London that shall be from 200 to 550 feet higher than Eiffel's are confident of success.

The last section of the plaster cast for the Chicago bronze statue of Grant has been shipped from Cincinnati to the foundry.

Governor Hoard has designated April 30 as Arbor Day in Wisconsin.

The wife of the Chinese minister at Washington excited a profound sensation by appearing at a theatre Saturday afternoon, it being contrary to the customs of her people for Chinese women to appear in public.

English and French medical journals are engaged in a bitter controversy over the death of young Lincoln, the former charging it to malpractice and the latter to the having removed the lad across the English channel.

William Hightshoe, a farmer, was sentenced at Bloomington, Ills., Saturday, to three years in the state prison on the charge of forgery.

Thomas J. Sanford, who defaulted from Morrisonville, Ills., a year ago with $1,000, has been captured in Indian territory and brought back.

A Hungarian, of Milnesville, Pa., preparatory to moving elsewhere, put up his wife, cow and furniture at auction and realized $32 from the chattels.

The czar of Russia is greatly disturbed at the Berlin conference, seeing in it triumph for the Socialists.

Douglas Ballarby is alleged to have eloped from Springfield, Ills., Friday with the wife of his brother George.

Hugh King, 10 years old, died at St. Joseph, Mo., from being kicked in the head by a horse.

Charles Shafer and Ida Conrod were found in the snow at Weston, W. Va., Saturday night, the woman so badly frozen that she has since died. Shafer may recover.

John Johnson, who, eighteen years ago fled from Ada, Ohio, leaving debts to the extent of $2,000 behind, returned there recently, having made a fortune in mining at Wallace, Idaho, and paid his creditors in full, with interest.

The new Hungarian ministry is officially announced, with Count Szapary as premier in place of M. Tisza.

The gambling houses of Council Bluffs, Iowa, were closed Sunday night. The business men of the city organized an anti-gamblers' league.

The Vas Negas, N. M., female seminary was destroyed by fire Saturday night.

The 6-year-old son of F. S. Johnson, of Logan township, near Atchison, Kan., died Saturday night from the effects of a morphine powder which his parents administered by mistake for a croup remedy.

A Mississippi Shortage of $334,000.

JACKSON, Miss., March 14.—The expert accountants who have been examining State Treasurer Hemmingway's books report that there is a shortage of over $334,000. The friends of the ex-treasurer refuse to believe him guilty of dishonesty, but insist that it is due to bad bookkeeping. Hemmingway has turned over everything he has in the world to make the shortage good, but it will not nearly cancel his obligations.

Fire Loss at Columbus, Ohio.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 13.—At 10 o'clock at night fire broke out in the four-story brick building, 29 and 31 Spring street, occupied by the Columbus wire works, the Doly overall manufactory and Lee Stangel's cigar factory, A Teachout & Co., manufacturs of doors, sash and fancy wood work, the Stall & Starr trunk factory and others. The whole building was ruined. Total loss about $75,000; insurance not known.

Rhode Island Republican Ticket.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 13.—At the Republican state convention here the following nominations for state offices were made: For governor, Herbert W. Ladd, of Providence; lieutenant governor, Daniel G. Littlefield, of Pawtucket; secretary of state, Samuel W. Cross, of Westerly; general treasurer, Samuel Clark, of Lincoln; attorney general, Horatio Rogers, of Pawtucket.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, March 17.

Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 March, opened and closed 80; May, opened 79¾c, closed 80¾c; July, opened 77¾c, closed 78¼c. Corn—No. 2 March, opened 28¼, closed 28⅝c; May, opened 29¼c, closed 30¼c; July, opened 30¾c, closed 31¼c. Oats—No. 2 March, opened and closed 21c; May, opened 21¼c, closed 21⅜c; July, opened 21c, closed 21¼c. Pork—March, opened $10.40, closed $10.30; May, opened and closed $10.70; July, opened $10.32½, closed $10.42½. Lard—March, opened $6.05, closed $6.02½.

Live stock—The following were the quotations at the Union stock yards: Hogs—Market opened mod rately active but easy, with prices 5@c lower; light grades, $4.15@4.35; rough packing, $4.05@4.15; mixed lots, $4.15@4.30; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.20@4.35. Cattle—Market weak; beeves, $3.40@5.00; bulk, $3.75@4.30; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.70; cows and mixed, $1.50@3.50; corn-fed Texans, $3.00@3.70. Sheep—Market firm; muttons, $4.00@4.09; corn-fed westerns, $5.00@5.60; lambs, $5.00@6.50.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 28½@27c; fine creameries, 2 @23c; dairies, finest, fresh, 18@20c; packing stock, 14@15c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 13c per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; turkeys, 10@11c per lb; ducks, 12@12½c; geese, 9@10c per lb. Potatoes—Peerless, 35@35 per bu; Beauty of Hebron, 38@40c per bu; Burbanks, 40@43c per bu. Illinois sweet potatoes, good to fancy, $3.25@3.75. Apples—Good to fancy, $3.00@3.75 per bbl. Cranberries—Wisconsin bell and cherries, $8.50@9.00 per bbl.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 5@7c per lb; whisk brush 5½@6c; green, self-working, 5½@6c; inside and covers, 4@5c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, March 17.

Wheat—No. 2 red March, 89½c; do April, 87½c; do May, 87½c; do June, 86½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 37½c cash; do March, 36½c; do April, 37c; do May, 37½c. Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed, 27¼c cash; do May, 27c. Rye—Nominal. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull but strong; mess, $11.50@12.00 for new. Lard—Closed steady; May, $6.43; June, $6.46.

Live stock: Cattle—Active and firm for all grades and 5@10c higher; steers, common to prime, $3.80@5.00 per 100 lbs; choice and extra, $5.10@5.30; bulls and cows, $1.70@3.25. Sheep—Active, firm, and 10c higher for sheep; yearlings, 15@20c higher; sheep, $5.65@6.60; yearlings; $6.25@7.75. Hogs—Steady; live hogs, $4.00@4.60 per 100 lbs.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, March 17.

Wheat—Unsettled; No 2 spring on track, cash, 72½@73c; May, 78¾@78½c bid; No. 1 northern, 81@82c. Corn—Firm; No. 3 on track, 28c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white on track, 25½c. Rye—Higher; No. 1 in store, 63¼c. Barley—Firm; No. 2 in store fresh, 41½c.

AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take it, is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly career
A spinster—braving the smiles of those who would insist
That lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—
Or take the remedies my sisters take,
And see my eyes grow bright as tho' I bathed
In the immortal fount De Leon sought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shades.
I oft have heard my married sisters say
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Would bring back color to a faded cheek—
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

Thousands of women owe their fresh, blooming countenances to the restorative effects of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

For a Book (160 pages) on Woman: Her Diseases and their Self-cure, (sent sealed in plain envelope,) enclose ten cents, in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

MANY FIREMEN KILLED.

A Most Terrible Catastrophe at Indianapolis.

COLLAPSE OF A LARGE BUILDING.

A Score of Gallant Firemen Buried in the Debris—Ten of Them Killed Outright and Several Badly Injured—Willing Hands at the Work of Rescue—A Scene of the Wildest Confusion When the Accident Occurred.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 18.—While a fire was in progress Monday afternoon in the four-story brick structure occupied by the Bowen & Merrill company as a book and paper store a number of firemen were sent into the various floors to fight the flames. The blaze had been raging for some time when Fire Chief Dougherty, who supposed that the walls were in good condition, sent a dozen or more men to the roof to work their way down to the fire. They ranged themselves along the west side, but had hardly gotten in position with the hose when the west wall caved in and the wall began to sink. One man was seen to throw up his arms and disappear; then another and another were seen to sink from sight.

From the Roof to the Basement.

The remaining firemen sought to escape to the building east of the burning structure, but the roof gave way under their feet and went down, catching three men and crushing the life out of them on the floor below. The weight of the roof caused the upper floor to give way, and the combined mass carried the next two floors into the basement. Capt. McGinnis, Fred Brummer and William Reasner were in the fourth story when the crash came, but happened to be nearer the windows than their companions. McGinnis was hurled down the stairway and was seriously injured, but Reasner and Brummer dashed through the falling timbers and debris and made their escape from the windows, the former having a shoulder dislocated, but the latter escaping unhurt.

An Unmanageable Crowd.

As soon as the floors fell in the immense crowd broke over the ropes and surrounded the building and a scene of the greatest confusion ensued. The police were powerless to keep back the crowd, and the firemen were for a time unmanned by the catastrophe. They were brought into activity by the cries of a man on an adjoining roof who came forward and shouted to those below: "For God's sake, throw water into the windows! Twenty men are buried there!" The scene on the heap of wreckage immediately after the collapse was terrible. The limbs of men were seen writhing here and there, while the trunks to which they belonged were buried from sight. A ladder lay across three men and was weighed down by tons of bricks and timbers.

Willing Hands to the Rescue.

Another poor fellow, beyond all pain, lay close beside his fellows, a shapeless and mangled mass. The ladder lay across the stomach of another man, who was screaming with agony. As fast as willing hands could hurl away the bricks the weight was removed, but the ladder was too firmly held to yield. The man with a broken arm was dragged free and carried away. Under him, exercise he has to endure, and finds that "to walk even one mile in a day is a great thing" in the way of a remedy. At the moment, he says, the best thing one can do is to get up, drink half a glass of water and walk round the room. The slight alternation of cold and warmth has a soporific effect.—London Spectator.

exclusively by Chinamen.

with a valley shaped surface, and this made the available space for work very small.

Carrying Out the Dead and Injured.

One by one the men nearest the surface were extricated, but as the workers went down further they discovered new victims and the horror steadily grew. The forward part of the building still stood high and burning fiercely and threatened every moment to fall down and bury the rescuers, but they gave no heed to the peril. As fast as the men at work became exhausted others stood ready and anxious to fill their places, so that there was not a moment of delay in the labor of relief. As the wounded were carried out of the ruins they were met with embraces and tears of joy, but when the lifeless forms were borne away the full sadness and horror of the calamity came upon the waiting crowd.

Seeking for Missing Relatives.

Owing to the intense heat in the building and the great amount of debris which covered the killed and injured the work of rescue was carried on very slowly, and it seemed hours between the recovery of bodies, when really but a few moments had elapsed. The news of the disaster spread over the city and the crowd around the building increased to thousands, among them being men, women and children whose relatives were in the debris. The wives and children of the firemen went among the workmen asking for missing husbands or parents and presenting a most pitiable spectacle.

One Man's Experience.

Shortly after midnight the searching party discovered a man in the ruins, and, as a large beam had fallen across his body, he was somewhat protected from the piles of brick and stone that came down with the wall. He was pinioned to the ground, but the weight upon him was not strong enough to crush out his life. He could not be reached, however, on account of the pile of stuff that was above him, and life would surely be extinct before he could be rescued if he did not receive some bodily strength. A peculiar devise was resorted to. A rubber tube was lowered to the unfortunate man's mouth, and in this manner he was fed with whisky. For over fourteen hours he lay in his dangerous position. At intervals of a half hour the man was given a little whisky through the tube, and he was able to bear up until he was released. It was 9:45 o'clock in the morning when he was taken from the ruins, and a cheer went up from the crowd when they saw that he was alive and would probably live.

The List of Dead.

The list of dead, as far as known at this hour, is as follows: Andrew O. Cherry, superintendent of the fire alarm telegraph; George Faulkner, engineer Company 1, pinioned in the ruins; Espy Stormer, pipeman engine Company 1, still in ruins; David R. Lowry, pipeman engine Company 2, still in ruins; Ulyses Glazier, substitute engine Company 3; Henry D. Woodruff, pipeman engine Company 5; George W. Glenn, pipeman reel Company 10; Albert Hoffman, pipeman reel Company 10; Anthony Volz, hook and ladder Company 2; Thomas Black, truckman hook and ladder Company 3. The injured number eighteen. The fire originated in the basement from the furnace, but in what manner is not known. The furnace was recently refitted and was supposed to be in good condition.

How to Go to Sleep.

A curate in London is afflicted with sleeplessness in direct proportion to the mental worry and absence of air and

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 22, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Booth and Modjeska.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Clara Morris.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—J. B. Polk in "The Silent Partner."

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Prince and the Pauper."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Cora Tanner in "Fascination."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Arthur Rehan's Company.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Devil's Mine."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"The Silver King."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—Corinne in "Monte Cristo, Jr."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

PANORAMA—NAVAL BATTLE.
Michigan ave., between Madison and Monroe streets—The great naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY LONESOME.

A great deal has been said on both sides of the question about the advisability of St. Patrick's Day processions. Everything summed up, THE CITIZEN is of opinion that it is a mistake for Irish-Americans not to keep up the time-honored custom in this city. There will always be, in every community, a certain number of conceited fools, or ranting bigots, who sneer at public exhibitions of patriotism, especially if it happens to be Irish patriotism. The cry that it is better to give the money for some other purpose is sheer nonsense. The money that goes toward decorating the men who honor, in conjunction, America and Ireland on every 17th of March is always well applied. The cash goes into general circulation, and thus adds to the general prosperity. St. Patrick's Day is ever a reminder to Americans of Irish birth or descent, that their mother country has a national holiday, and that it is no crime, here or elsewhere, to honor it. The pretense that processions interfere with business is another piece of nonsense. On the contrary, they stimulate business, and give a portion of the population, and a very large one, a chance to enjoy a holiday. It is always pleasant to see the Stars and Stripes and the Green Flag waving over the stalwart ranks of the sons of Ireland. No real American objects to it, and as for the bigots, their opinion is not worthy of consideration. If the display should stir up their bile, why all the better.

The attempt to substitute Emmet's Day for St. Patrick's cannot be successful to the extent of obliterating the latter. There is no reason why the two should not be fully celebrated—just as Americans celebrate Washington's birthday and the Fourth of July. St. Patrick's Day has been observed for centuries, and is recognized as Ireland's day, *par excellence*, in all civilized countries—even in Great Britain. The celebration promotes brotherly feeling among Irishmen the world over, and it will be a sorry day, when it is abandoned. Even the little children missed the procession, and the "Wearing of the Green" last St. Patrick's Day.

THE CITIZEN does not know why the parade was given up last 17th of March by the Irish societies of this city. They certainly were not scared by the howls of bigots. It is alleged that factions existing in certain powerful organizations were the real cause of the failure to march. If this is true, and that the fault lies with incumbent officers, it is the duty of the latter to resign, and allow men acceptable to all parties to take their places, in the interests of harmony. But there is always a certain small, but turbulent, element in nearly all societies that do not want harmony, because that would mean perpetual obscurity to them. The ablest men in the Irish societies are almost universally for harmony. It is the mediocre, noisy fellows who are against it. Let them be sat down upon, with an exceedingly hard sit. The Irish societies are able to do it, if they only will.

If matters continue to run as at present, Chicago, in the words of Bouccicault's fine song—a paraphrase thereof—will be about as applicable here as in Ireland:

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear, the news that's going round?
The shamrock is, by hate, forbid, to gem Chicago's ground!
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep—his colors can't be seen,
For there's a bitter gang who hate the wearing of the green!

Let us hope that next St. Patrick's Day the Irish-American citizens of Chicago will reply thus:

When hate can stop the blades of grass, from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves, in summer time, their verdure dare not show,
Then will we change the color that decks our Island Queen,
But till that day, please God, we'll stick to wearing of the Green!

HELWIG'S HORRIBLE HOWL

THE CITIZEN is beginning to wonder whether the taking of "quinine" is not becoming a common practice among non-Catholic preachers. The latest exhibition of the bad effects of the drug on the ministerial brain is laid before the public in the following telegram, dated Springfield, O., March 17: "Dr. J. B. Helwig, late Prohibition candidate for Governor, ex President of the Wittenberg College, and now pastor of the First Lutheran church of this city, delivered an address today before the Ministers' Association on 'The Attitude of the Roman Church to the Republic.' The ex candidate for Governor declared, in substance, that all the followers of the Church of Rome were suspicious characters, that the Jesuits were laboring to overthrow the government that Catholics, at the instigation of the Pope, would turn against their country, that they were not loyal citizens and could not be anything but traitors. In addition to these charges, the doctor went further and with impressiveness emphatically declared that the assassination of President Lincoln was a Catholic plot and that John Wilkes Booth was a Catholic. According to Mr. Helwig the Archbishops, Bishops, and priests of the church are cunning villains constantly meddling with affairs of state with the object of getting control of the government in the interest of Rome. He asserted it to be impossible for a Catholic to be a good citizen."

Of course nobody but an unalloyed human jackass would give utterance to such trash as that quoted above. The Rev. Helwig will get his wig singed long before going to hell, if he keeps on talking such stuff. He is simply an ignorant firebrand, besotted by the inordinate vanity of a little mind, and filled with rancorous hatred of a pure and noble church, and an ancient and sublime faith, by an innate consciousness of his own unworthiness. It is beneath the dignity of Catholic citizens to enter into a defense of their character in this country against such raving ruffians as Mr. Helwig. It is quite evident that his brain, as well as his wig, is on fire.

MARSHAL MAURICE PATRICK MACMAHON.

Brave old Marshal MacMahon, who, at the age of 82, is still in the vigor of manhood, grows more Irish as he grows older. He is not ashamed to wear the Green on St. Patrick's Day, nor does he consider the name "Patrick" an appellation to be slurred or avoided. On the contrary, he is proud of St. Patrick's Day and of the name of Patrick, even though he happens to be a peer of France—the heir of a long line of French nobles—and that the proudest blood of Ireland of the Brigade flows in his heroic veins. The Marshal was interviewed on the subject of St. Patrick's Day, by an American correspondent in Paris, on March 16, with the following result:

"Marshal MacMahon dislikes interviews and interviewers, but St. Patrick's Day is one subject he is ever ready to talk about. So when the *World* reporter called today at the Marshal's house in the Rue Belle Chasse the face of the gruff old soldier brightened as he said: "Mais, St. Patrice is my patron saint and has been protector of my family and myself for long years. My name is Patrick, among others. It is quite a family name with us in every generation. For many generations past one child, at least, has been put under the protection of the patron saint of Ireland. I notice that all the more important dates of my career fall on St. Patrick's month, that is to say, in March, or on St. Patrick's Day itself.

"Thus it was in St. Patrick's Day, in 1871, I returned to France after signing the peace between Germany and France. It was on St. Patrick's Day, 1825, that I heard of my nomination as a cadet to the School of St. Cyr. Again, in 1845, it was on that auspicious day that I was told that my appointment as Colonel had been decided upon. Ten years later, in 1855, it was on the morrow of St. Patrick's Day that I heard that I was to be recalled from Constantinople to France, where, the following August, I was appointed to the command of a division of infantry under Gen. Bosquet.

"Three years later, in 1859, that is to say, in March, it was proposed to me that I should take command of the Second Corps d'Armée of the Alps Army. This post I did take in the following April.

My attempt to found a kingdom in Algeria, strangely enough, was again on St. Patrick's Day. On two other occasions two more important events connected with my administration of that Province occurred on St. Patrick's Day. It was in 1873 that another incident occurred on St. Patrick's Day connected with my career. It was on the afternoon of that day that I met De Fourton, who told me that my election as President of the Republic was assured. I did not thank him for the prophecy, because I never was a political man. I had no ambition in that direction. However, eight weeks later the prophecy was fully realized. Finally, it was on St. Patrick's Day, 1878, that I drafted the speech I read at the opening exhibition of that year. You see," said the Marshal, "that day which is dedicated to the saint whose name I bear has been an eventful one in my life, which, on the whole, has been a happy one."

Long live the noble old Marshal! May the *fleur de lis* and the shamrock still fondly intertwine beneath the Tricolor of Fleurus and Valmy! and may each succeeding St. Patrick's Day bring to the MacMahons of France and of Ireland increased prosperity and renown!

THE Knights of St. Patrick gave a very pleasant entertainment at Martine's Academy, Washington and Ada streets, on St. Patrick's night. There were about 200 couples present, and all enjoyed themselves exceedingly. John F. Finerty, after speaking at the Irish-American Club banquet, was escorted to the hall by a committee, consisting of Messrs. George W. Lyon, William Horgan and P. O'Beirne, and made a brief address, which was well received. He said, among other things, that he hoped no other St. Patrick's Day would be allowed to pass by without a parade. The city did not look natural without it.

Another Correction.

[*To the Editor.*]

NEW YORK, March 3.—I received THE CITIZEN this morning, and happened to see Mr. T. O. Russell's reply. I do most respectfully request to be allowed to correct Mr. Russell's corrections of a few words which appeared in my translation for Mr. MacCombich last June and which appeared in Mr. Russell's reply. I do not do this for the sake of contradicting Mr. Russell, but to save our Irish-reading people from taking errors or misstatements for correct Irish language. I have no doubt but that, on a reconsideration, Mr. Russell will agree with me. It is no shame to be mistaken, but it is a great crime to try to substantiate or justify an error. Mr. Russell says that "Le na thaobh" should be "le na thaoibh." He says "thaobh, a side, is feminine." Yes, "thobh" is feminine, but it should not be written "taoibh." See Reilly's dictionary, viz: "Taobh (n.f) a side, a flank, 'a d-taobh' of or concerning, 'o thaobh go taobh' from side to side." The dative singular is equal to the nominative; see 'ball," "peist," and "cleas"; first, second and third declensions. Now, notwithstanding Mr. Russell's assertions "Foluighthe le na sgaith bheag" is right, and not "Foluighthe le na sgeith bhig;" for "sgiath" is not feminine but masculine. See Reilly's Dictionary. "Sgiath bheag" is right, for the dative singular is like nominative and the adjective agrees with its noun. See also declensions of adjectives viz: "Do'y fhear bheag", "Do'y mhaoi bhig." "Mhairdh" should not be "mharbh." "Marbh," dead, is an adjective. "Mairbh," kill, is a verb in the imperative mood. It is the root of the verb kill, in Irish. "Mairbh e," kill him or it. "Mhairbh se," he killed. "Mharbh se" would be barbarous. See Reilly's and Foley's dictionaries. Concerning the word "lamhach sios e," Mr. Russell is wrong in saying it should be "lamhadh sios e." See Reilly's dictionary. "Lamhach" (n m.) slinging, casting, shooting. 'Lochd lamhachais," bowmen, slingers, artillery. "Lamhadh," what Mr. Russell would make it, means handling, groping. I hope Mr. Russell will look for himself and he will not be sorry to find that I am right. I am as liable to make a mistake as any one else, but I am very particular about having good proof for anything I assert.

I thank Mr. Russell for his praise of the little matter in dispute, even after he discovered its author. If those who write under fictitious names and make false assertions concerning Irish would only give their honest opinions and sign their proper names, we and our language would get along better and we could write with less acrimony, but we can have neither respect nor pity for persons who do their firing from an ambush. With due respect to you and to Mr. Russell I remain, yours truly,

THOMAS D. NORRIS.

A Sad Tale of Distress.

[*To the Editor.*]

CONVENT OF MERCY, COUNTY MAYO, Ireland, Feb. 26, 1890.—It is with many misgivings, for I am sure the claims on your charity are numerous, that I venture to appeal to you on behalf of the gentle, patient poor of this remote and out of the way place. Their piteous misery is, indeed, beyond the power of words to describe, yet I cannot bring myself to let them loose the possible chance of relief which this poor letter of mine to you may (as I tremblingly hope it will) procure for them.

It would pain your very heart to see the shivering little children creeping barefoot over the hard, frozen ground to our schools, where they may, at least, spend a few hours in a warm room and eat the piece of bread which we struggle hard to procure for them. A little would enable us to cheer and comfort many a poor fainting heart, to whom a cup of tea is a luxury known only in illness, and often not even then to be procured. While there many of the sick poor with tubs beside them in their wretched beds, to catch the rain which drips through the rotting roof of thatch—their only alternative the workhouse, whose glaring white walls have, in too many cases, added total blindness to their many and patiently born sorrows.

The prayers of the sisters and of the poor are offered for their benefactors, and with best wishes for your happiness, I remain, Respectfully yours, in J. C.

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE DOWDALL.

IRELAND'S DAY.

Magnificent Reception and Banquet of the Irish-American Club at the Auditorium on the Evening of March 17.

Brilliant Assemblage—Eloquent Speeches by President Egan, Mr. McHugh, Mr. Fitzgibbon, Mayor Cregier and Others.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Irish-American club of Chicago beat its own fine record, as a giver of splendid entertainments, at the Auditorium on St. Patrick's night, it being the occasion of the ninth annual reception and banquet of the organization. The guests began to assemble at about 8:30 o'clock, and the array of female beauty was really brilliant. The men also looked their best, and the "swallow tail" garment was largely in the ascendant. The ladies were attired in the most fashionable robes of the day, and their cheeks glowed and their eyes beamed with pleasurable excitement. If anybody supposed that the spirit of patriotism had been driven from the Irish American heart by the recent bull-dozing from certain quarters, a glance at that fine assemblage would have undeceived him. Prominent among the earlier arrivals was Major General George Crook, U. S. A., accompanied by Col. H. C. Corbin, Col. George M. Randall, Col. Heyl, Maj. Roberts and Capt. McCauley, of his staff. The local military were represented by Col. Thomas T. Hartigan and Maj. Francis T. Colby. Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, of Notre Dame University, one of the leading writers of the day, was also among the earlier arrivals. The accomodations afforded by the proprietors of the Auditorium hotel were, considering that the house had hardly settled down to business, highly creditable to the management. The only drawback was the time consumed in taking the people from the parlor floor to the banquet hall by the elevator process. However, the maneuver was finally accomplished, and, at about a quarter to 10 o'clock, all the guests were assembled around the tables. The hall was handsomely decorated, and above the back of the President's table the American and Irish flags were gracefully intertwined. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and the members of the Club felt a justifiable thrill of pride when they remembered that the organization to which they belonged enjoyed the privilege of being the first to wake the echoes of that mighty roof with the accents of patriotic celebration.

At the chief table were seated President Egan, who had on his right Gen. Crook and on his left Mayor Cregier. His Honor was detained by public business and arrived just as the banquet began. Both Gen. Crook and he received a hearty greeting. The other guests at the chief table were the officers of Gen. Crook's staff, most of the speakers of the evening, and the ladies of their families; Capt. Power, recently of Ireland; John A. Qualey and Mrs. Qualey; Mr. J. Lally and Miss Clara Condon; Mr. John P. Agnew, Mrs. Francis Agnew and Miss Maria Agnew.

It was after 11 o'clock when Mr. Egan brought down his gavel. The jingling of knives and forks ceased and the wine began to flow in bumpers to the toasts of the evening. The excellent orchestra of Prof. Pound—the Professor is an American but he knows the Irish airs better than most Irish musicians—which had played charming national medleys throughout the banquet struck up the music of "St. Patrick's Day" to the sentiment of "The Day we Celebrate."

MR. EGAN'S SPEECH.

The president, Mr. J. J. Egan, then spoke as follows:

No wonder that this sentiment "The Day we Celebrate," appeals to every fibre of the Irish heart; no wonder it comes with music's strains, with stately pageant and with festal song; that it fills alike the solemn temple and the banquet hall, for, well might this day be called at once a nation's natal and baptismal day. Like flowering vines that cluster, round some venerable pile, gathering life and beauty from the dust of ages, our cherished hopes, our fears, our memories, sad and joyous, tender and serene, will ever turn and cling with deep affection to the old proud land whose purest, loftiest fame, whose grandest efforts and exalted story are measured back through changing centuries, recalled from youth to age, and calendered in fadeless characters, on this, the day we celebrate. It's hallowed scenes weave wondrous spells around our childhood days; inspire our thoughtful manhood's sterner years, and fall like melting sunshine upon age's frost.

In every clime where men of Irish race have courted fortune's smile, in every phase of life, when brave men act, and wise men point the way, in nation's councils and in tented field, in lordly hall and scholar's lonely cell, in shade of cloister and on stormy seas; through all a nation's strange and checkered history, undying love has blessed and sacred rites have consecrated St. Patrick's day.

The day we celebrate has to us a two-fold significance; the one religious, upon which this is not the time nor the place to dwell, the other national, in furtherance of which we have assembled here tonight, and well for Ireland had it been that only sacred memories could claim this day their own, but all the pangs of persecution, in mockery of heaven's own behests, were made to wing the shaft with which a rancorous hate would strike the patriot's heart. To this let many a ruined shrine and relic of a glorious age attest, and thus the day of Patrick became the nation's day.

But, though the ruthless hand might wreck the sanctuary, yet from every ruined altar there still ascends an incense to the God of Liberty which penetrate beyond the confines of sect or caste, and wins allegiance from each generous soul, and so, as time rolled on, our patriots' ranks bore many an honored name of those who owned no fealty to the grand old faith which Patrick taught, and the land where Mitchel wrote, and Davis sang, where dauntless Tone and glorious Emmet died, must learn from such as those the national lesson, the momentous lesson of the day we celebrate, appealing to all who love their native soil; that love of country alone can bind her sons for ever, and neither creed nor fanatic's unholy flame should ever part the men of Ireland from their fellowmen, and thus the first and last great lesson of this day is "A free land for the Irish, and God for all true men.

No word, no deed of hatred marred the apostle's grand career, but he alone could claim from Ireland a conqueror's crown, and only ne by force of genius, exalted faith and unwavering love; yet, had he lived in later times, and seen his sublime teachings scorned, his fair domain laid waste by spoilers' hands, who can doubt that the same undaunted spirit which made an apostle in his age would have made a gallant rebel in our own! This spirit he bequeathed to his sons forever.

Roman, Norman, Saxon conquered Britain, yet Ireland never owned an invader's sway. In that fair land, even the grace and chivalry of the Norman knight, whose banner waved in many a battle's front, was only a plant which blossomed in an alien soil, when grafted on the old Milesian tree, and the name and the deeds of the Geraldine emblazoned many a page of Ireland's warlike story. St. Patrick conquered, not by the sword, but by a love divine, for the sword must yet be fashioned that can conquer Ireland and be ever sheathed in peace.

Then, my friends, while yet this sentiment, this spirit of the day we celebrate; this spirit of liberty which flows from the heart of the Eternal comes down through all the ages to stamp the traditions and mold the destinies of our ancient race, we still must hope and trust in Ireland's future. Clouds may hang over and the darkness of despair may come, and the fell spirit of faction raise its reptile head, and rash and guilty deeds may follow in its deadly trail, and these, and, be it remembered, these alone can ever bring dismay and sorrow to the patriot's heart. Yet ever and again will come a noble heritage, in all the loving memories of this day, like a benediction, to exalt and to cheer. Ever and again within the temple of our hearts will arise the enchanting vision of a regenerated Erin, august, and pure, as when, in the days of her sacred crusade, she sent forth her sons to all the nations, not as warriors to destroy, but as sages and scholars to illumine and to save. As in the early morning we gaze over wide expanse of lake or sea, and mark its troubled surface, wrapt in gloom and mist, we see the first faint gleam of light, and then the day-dawn's flush of roseate hue, and again the shimmering green and gold of day's fair god, and now the sunburst glorious, dispelling all the mists and gemming all the deep glad waters, and rising into noonday splendor, so shall the sun of Liberty break through the clouds of prejudice and passion, so shall all our hopes, our aims, our efforts rise to make Ireland noble, prosperous, free.

Then, to the mother land, let us send to night from distant shores a patriot's and a poet's greeting—

"Erin! loved land! from age to age
Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
May peace be thine, or, shouldst thou wage
Defensive war, cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman."

Mr. Egan's patriotic and eloquent speech was heartily applauded.

MR M'HUGH'S SPEECH.

Mr. Egan next announced "The President of the United States" and called upon Mr. P. McHugh to respond. After the orchestra had played "Hail Columbia," Mr. McHugh spoke as follows:

The toast to which I have been assigned to respond, "The President of the United States," is too vast a theme to be appropriately treated in the few brief moments I feel at liberty to occupy your attention. I can allude only in the briefest possible manner to the combination of facts and cause potential in the creation of this high office—among which may be mentioned the unparalleled rapacity and exasperating despotism of George III, and the unequaled valor and heroism of the colonists. After petitions, remonstrances and every peaceful means had been exhausted; forbearance being longer insufferable, they took the unretraceable step of renouncing allegiance to the crown. In a manner commanding the respect of mankind, the colonists proclaimed their independence to the nations of the earth, particularly to Great Britain, concluding in the following memorable language: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, * * *, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; * * * And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

This declaration, to the signers of that immortal document, meant liberty or death. They appealed to the argument of force, the last argument addressed to tyrants, and through its potency, established on the ruins of British supremacy, the government of the United States. Washington, whose overmastering genius led to the accomplishment of this result, the grandest achievement of valor, fortitude and wisdom, which changed the history of the western hemisphere, was unanimously elected the first President of the United States, and unanimously re-elected his own successor. This national compliment never has been, and in all probability never will be, conferred on any candidate but Washington, the father of his country. The powers and duties of the President are prescribed, defined and limited by the constitution. The framers of that instrument, doubting the truth and mistrusting the wisdom of the time honored, moss grown maxim of the British constitution, that the king rules by "Divine Right," and can do or think no wrong. Not believing this to be strictly true of George III, they wisely placed upon the powers of the President constitutional limitations, that cannot be overstepped without usurpation, and consequently the office of the chief magistrate was the same when assumed by President Harrison that it was when surrendered by Washington. The powers of the President have been called into action to repel invasion, to suppress rebellion and insurrection, and have been found, not only equal, but superior, to every emergency. The people of the south measured swords with the government; with a devotion worthy of a better cause, attesting their sincerity by the sacrifice of life and treasure, for four long years waged an unequal struggle, until, overpowered and vanquished, they were compelled to surrender, with everything lost but honor, maintaining even in defeat the respect of the world, homage which such valor, however misdirected, is never denied. But despite this cruel fratricidal strife, the ample folds of that nation's flag, with not a star erased, floats over a reunited national family, a peaceful patriotic people, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate.

At each recurring celebration of this festal day, an anniversary which especially inspires emotions of love for the old land and tends to keep her memory green in our souls, the toast to which I have the honor to respond fills a prominent place on our programme; because first of all we are American citizens, because we owe to the United States our first duty and sole allegiance. While we yield to no body of citizens, even to the descendants of the Mayflower, in our willing obedience to the laws, in our devotion to the constitution and loyalty to the government and institutions of this country, we avow our right to do everything for the betterment of Ireland's conditions, not in conflict with our duties as American citizens.

The men who have been elevated to the Presidency, the highest civic position in any nation, have not been all great statesmen, but, with few exceptions, all have been profound believers in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. And it is worthy of observation, whether we consider it as a singularly fortuitous circumstance, or a remarkable achievement, that the republic has produced great statesmen, when called for by great events; men free from that dangerous ambition, lust for power, which has tarnished the greatest names in European history. If statesmanship is a practical science, to be measured by its lasting beneficent results, to be tested by the touchstone of enduring success, then Washington, Jackson and Lincoln are entitled to a place among the world's great statesmen. Their achievements remain, because the rock upon which they are founded is the will of the people. The government established by the genius of Washington, defended by the valor of Jackson, and preserved by the wisdom and patriotism of Lincoln, is in the springtime of its existence, and promises to be as enduring as the hills and valleys of the land they loved so well; and to descend with all the blessings of freedom to remotest posterity. [Prolonged applause.]

MR. FITZGIBBON'S SPEECH.

The next toast announced was, "Ireland a Nation," music "God Save Ireland," to which Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon responded in the following terms:

Mr. President—It is a pleasing event in one's life to have the honor of addressing this large and brilliant assembly of ladies and gentlemen on this our national festival, in the Auditorium, this superb temple, dedicated to music and the drama, to oratory, to all the political and social requirements of this great and growing city. Said the great Master, addressing and inspiring the men of hope: "If ye say unto this mountain: Be thou taken up and cast into the sea, it shall be done." The founders of nations and dynasties, the leaders, heroes, and benefactors of mankind, the discoverers in the sciences, the inventors in the mechanical arts, the providential men and historic nations were all imbued with faith and hope in regard the their respective missions strong as the rock of ages The chosen people of God, foremost among the providential races, maintained the sublime doctrine of monotheism for twenty centuries, and when the fullness of time came, gave, through Him who had an humble beginning in Bethlehem and met with a tragic death on Calvary's Mount, the religion of peace, of mercy and of love, the religion of the true brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God to all the children of Adam. No less historic were that wonderfully endowed and gifted people, the Greeks, whose genius in poetry, oratory and plastic arts, letters and philosopy, rules the world still. The names of their famous men who were among the first great teachers of the civilized world can no more be erased from the pages of history than can the planets be blotted out from the dome of the heavens. It is evident that the Irish race who have maintained their nationality for two thousand years or more must have a certain mission to perform in the design of the Almighty. But in order to carry out that mission in the centuries to come, they must maintain their nationality as a sacred trust and inheritance. They must uphold the principle of the toast of the evening—Ireland a Nation—in its fullness and in its integrity with the same fervor and intensity that they believe in the religion of the God of their fathers. They must hold fast to the doctrine of total separation, the doctrine which Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Mitchell, Meagher and Thomas Davis promulgated. Anything short of this would be defying the will of providence, falsifying their history and would ultimately end in their ruin or absorbtion which would be the greatest calamity that could befall a proud and historic people. But we see no signs in the heavens above or the earth beneath that the Irish people will give up their identity or nationality. They are now as they have been since the days of the invader still in the arena ready to snatch victory from the grasp of the oppressor.

When Paul, the orator of the apostles, appeared before Agrippa and made his great plea for the Christian religion, that Prince was forced to exclaim, "Paul thou hast almost persuaded me." Has not Ireland within the last dozen years almost persuaded some of England's foremost statesmen, who were as bitterly opposed to Irish liberty as Paul was to the Christian religion before his conversion, to espouse her cause and demand some measure of justice for her gallant and heroic race.

But what have the Irish people done to be ranked as one of the providential races of mankind? Why, when they were a free people their own country was literally covered with institutions of learning, and in the early centuries of the christian dispensation, they established great intellectual centres all over Europe. To be brief they have in the nineteenth century dotted this vast republic of America and the Australias with schools, academies, colleges,

and churches which are the foundations and bulwarks of christian civilization.

The signs of the times portend the early doom of imperialism, monarchy and aristocracy. In the twentieth century they will be dead and buried, and the people will rule in the civilized world.

The mission of the Irish race is now to make themselves a free people and then as far as they can go, to benefit all the other races of mankind. Oh! Thou who sustainest the universe by Thy word, and holdest the destinies of nations in Thy palm, oh! God, the father of nations, inspire our race and people with faith and hope that we may be one of the first European countries to rear a strong, a staple, a just and prosperous republic on the sacred soil of Ireland.

MAYOR CREGIER'S SPEECH.

"The City of Chicago," to the music of "Home, Sweet Home," was eloquently and fittingly responded to by the Hon. Dewitt C. Cregier, mayor of Chicago, who was very warmly received. He spoke in terms of high compliment of the leaders of the Irish cause, and of the justice of that cause itself, and hoped that eventually the boon of self government would be won by the people of Ireland. He claimed for Chicago the first place among American cities—a claim that was enthusiastically cheered by the audience. As regarded the World's Fair, there could be no doubt of its success. Chicago never yet failed in anything she had seriously undertaken. [Prolonged applause.] She had no such word as fail in the bright lexicon of her youth. He predicted that the World's Fair would be the most glorious event of the kind in the history of nations, and concluded by again assuring his hearers of the deep sympathy he entertained for the success of Irish Home Rule.

The Mayor resumed his seat amid continued applause.

MR FINERTY'S ADDRESS.

"Liberty to the oppressed" was next announced. The orchestra played "The Marseillaise" and John F. Finerty was called upon to respond. After alluding to bright examples in history in which liberty eventually came to people who, though long oppressed, struggled for and obtained it finally, Mr. Finerty assailed the bigots who had recently attempted to besmirch the Irish name, and to belittle the Irish cause. The Irish American element did not claim to be better than any other element, but they did claim to be just as good as any other American element. (Prolonged cheering.) If loyalty to the American flag, and devotion to American institutions, made good citizens, then the Irish were among the best citizens that trod the soil of the United States. (Loud cheers.) The veteran officers of the American army sat beside him—men who had spent a lifetime in the van of battle—could they remember a time when, in the front of death, the Irish flag shrunk a single inch behind the flag of the Stripes and Stars? (Great applause, in which the officers heartily joined.) American freedom was founded on equality, unity and brotherhood. A certain class of bigots would seek to ban the Irish on American soil. He told the bigots from that place that the Irish American people despised them, and would give them their fiercest opposition on every proper occasion. (Applause.) The Irish were not a race to be trampled in the dust. England had overpowered them by weight of numbers, but never on terms of numerical equality. (Applause.) England's emissaries in America could not trample upon them, nor could they alienate their hearts from the cause of justice and humanity in Ireland. (Applause.) As good citizens of America, the Irish-Americans were bound in honor, fidelity, gratitude and patriot love to reach out a sustaining hand to Ireland in her struggle for liberty, by peaceful means, if possible, but by forceful means if she has the opportunity and is driven to the wall. (Prolonged applause.) Ireland had as much right to ask America for aid, as Benjamin Franklin, in the name of America, had to ask Ireland for aid, when the colonies struck against King George. (Cheers.) Mr. Finerty concluded by apostrophizing the glory of America and the future of Ireland.

MR CANNON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Thomas H. Cannon, in responding to the toast of "The Ladies," said, in opening—

"As for the ladies though we scorn and flout 'em
We can live with, but cannot live without 'em."

The praises of the ladies had been sung by men in all times and in every tongue and it was fitting that admiration for the fairest of creation be testified on this occasion. The woman of today, elevated from her inferior position in ages past, finds the way open to her in all the walks of life, in business, in the professions and even in politics; and creditably does she sustain herself in competition with the "lords of creation."

The speaker showed by numerous instances the truth of the assertion that "a woman is at the beginning of all great things." The ladies as wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts were then touched upon and their influence on the lives of great figures in history shown to have been potent in many remarkable ways. The women of Ireland were warmly praised as being heroic and courageous defenders of the principles of liberty, and as the progenitors of a rugged race, which, despite centuries of persecution, lives today bold and defiant as ever. The speaker dwelt upon the contrast in the pictures of women as painted by early writers and the one exhibited by the writers of the present day.

One of the fathers of the church pictured woman as "a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, a desirable calamity," but the speaker would rather sing with the poet—

"How dreary and lone the world would appear,
If women there were none,
'Twould be like a fair
Without their smile
Life is tasteless, vain, and vile—
A chaos of perplexity."

[Applause.]

This concluded the speechmaking, and all adjourned to the ball-room.

THE GUESTS.

Among the guests present were noticed: Mr. James Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fitzgibbon and Miss Cambridge; James Moore, N. D. Laughlin, R. D. Walsh, Thomas H. Cannon, the Misses Julia and Winnie Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick White, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Flavin, Miss R. O'Brien, Willard Gentleman, Henry Wheeler Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cavanagh, Miss Agnes Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Cannon, Mrs. Thomas Croak, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Denehey, Arthur B. Fitzgerald, J. J. Casey, Miss Mollie Casey, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lynch, Thomas G. Lynch, Miss Teresa Lynch, Mrs. F. G. Allen, William Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, the Misses Maggie and Julia Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Kirwin, E. C Quinlan, Miss Alice Doyle, R N. Greenshaw, Annie Davies, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooke, Col. and Mrs. Thomas L. Hartigan, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Francis Colby, A. J. Colby, John B. Heeney, the Misses Teresa and Francis Heeney, John Brennock, Mrs. E. Roger, Miss M. Brennock, P. McHugh, T. R. Melody, Jr., Miss Agnes E. Brennock, John Doyle, the Misses Maggie and Mary Doyle, James Bogle, Mr. and Mrs. James McEnerney, Mr. and Mrs. H. McGurren, Miss Lizzie Roney, Edward Noonan, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Swenie, John Boughan, D. J. Gallery, Miss Gallery, J. J. Gallery, Miss R. Donahue, D. V. Gallery, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fitzgerald, Miss Ella Woodlock, D. Heenan, Streator, Ill., John C. Campbell, Streator, Ill., John C. Murphy, Jr., A. F. Kestermeier James C. Shane, Hugh. L McGivern, Miss Annie Murphy, M. J. Keane, the Misses M. E. and L. J. Keane, Miss James D. McAuley, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wade, Miss Kittie Wade, Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Donahue, Miss L. Donahue, John J. Gallery, Miss M. Donahue, Mr. W. J. Clowry, Miss L. C. Kehoe, W. J. Brenock, Miss Naughten, Miss Rose Brenock, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Maher, Mr. and Mrs J. C. Burke, Miss Burke, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. O H. Chenney, Miss Alice Coffey, T. E. Nelson, Miss M. Nelson, P. Nacey, Miss Nacey, Miss Kittie Gurine, Thomas G. Lynch, Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Caldwell, Miss Kittie Caldwell, John M. Enright, the Misses Mary A and Henrietta Enright, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Piamondon, Mrs. and Mrs. J. H. Amberg, Mr. and Mrs. C. R Lynch, Maurice F. Egan, F. D. Liscombe, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Qualey, Frank Lally, Gen. George Crook, U S A., Mr. and Mrs. M. McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. James Baggott, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Conway, Miss Annie Kenny, William Weadley, Jr., Miss Weadley, Joseph L Weadley, Miss N. Weadley, Mr. and Mrs. John Byrnes, P.C. Crane, Detroit, Mich., Miss M. Sheehan, Detroit, Mich., Miss Laura Koenig, J. J. Duffy, Miss Rose Conway, Manitowoc, Wis., J. E. Bourke, Mrs. Capt. D. Quirk, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Neary, R J Goodwillie, Miss Maggie Murphy, R. W. Morrison, Miss Mamie Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cummings, Thomas Kelly, Miss Florence O'Donovan, J. G. Hyland, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Plamondon, James Conlan, Miss A. McCuen, John J. Hayes, Miss Nellie Healey, Joseph Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. David Sullivan, E. B. Healey, Mr. and Mrs. W. D Kent, Dennis Leahey, Miss Annie Leahy, Mr. D. C. Graham, Miss Graham, Miss Kittie Graham, F. D. Kinsella, James A. Fineen, Streator, Ill., John Prindiville, Thomas F. Hunt, August Stall, E S. Cummings, Miss May Cummings, P. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Finerty, Miss Stella Hennessy, Miss Helen Brown, P. T. Barry, Miss Mabel Barry, Miss M. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Dunne, Miss Kate Kelly, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, Miss Lou Hutchington, Miss Lizzie Hutchington, E J. Swing, William Burke, and Col. S. Y. McNair, U. S. A.; Mrs. Frank Agnew, Miss Marie Agnew, and John Agnew, St. Paul, Minn.; Col. Henry C. Corbin, U.S.A., Col. George M. Randall, U.S.A., Col. E. M. Heyl, U.S.A., Capt. C. A. H. McCauley, U.S.A., Major Roberts, U.S.A., and many others.

ALL HOPEFUL.

The Home Rule Irish Think They are Going to Win.

LONDON, March 16.—St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated in London by a big banquet, at which Mr. T. P. O'Connor will preside. Nearly all the prominent home rulers will be on hand, and the oratorical feast promises to be of more than usual interest. During the last few days I have asked the home rule parliamentary leaders to give a forestaste of what might be expected to be heard at the banquet—that is to say their ideas as to the present position of Irish affairs in connection with the national movement under the guidance of Mr. Parnell—for the instruction of the American public "on St. Patrick's Day in the morning." Several of the Irish members were away in Ireland, but they responded promptly by letter, and these follow with several interviews had with the leaders who are in London:

Justin McCarthy, vice-chairman of the Irish party—I feel that Irishmen all over the world ought to celebrate this St. Patrick's night of 1890 with an enthusiasm of quite uncommon glow, both because of the general prospects of the cause and the failure of the *Times* case. A base conspiracy against the national leader of the national cause has been exposed and crushed. Ireland has passed over the hot plowshares unharmed. The whole civilized world rejoices in her triumph and dismisses her treacherous and felonious enemies to infamy.

John O'Connor, M. P. for Tipperary—I think that the present St. Patrick's Day will make a momentous epoch in the history of the struggle. The more the report of the commission and the exposure of the infamous conspiracy of the *Times* sink into the minds of the English people—for it is only in England that we have any further conversion to do, as Scotland and Wales already concede the Irish demand—the more sure and swift will be our triumph at the polls. I am glad to be able to send to our good friends and fellow countrymen in America these joyful tidings on the occasion of our national anniversary.

T. P. O'Connor—The Order of St. Patrick has grown with the strength and prospects of our national movement. Sending a message to members of the brotherhood in America, I will certainly speak in tones of confidence, if not of exultation. First, there is the evident breaking up of Balfour; he looks worn, miserable and aged. Second, there is the complete defeat of coercion, with the plan of campaign everywhere unconquered; with our funds augmented with nearly £50,000 from the Irish tenants alone, and with the members of the National League attending meetings and the newspapers reporting the proceedings just as if no body had been imprisoned. Third, there is the report of the commission, which is a triumphal acquittal on all the charges which we regarded as vital and which the public cared one pin about. And finally there is the gradual but certain advent of the general election, which will undoubtedly drive these men from office and replace them by a home rule government.

Michael Davitt—No more cowardly method of party or political warfare was ever waged than that which the enemies of home rule have carried on against Mr. Parnell and his followers during the last four years. It was organized into an elaborate system of moral assassination, and behind this brigade of forgery and bribery stood her Majesty's Tory Government, if not as actual paymaster at least as willing confederates of the most despicable instruments ever enlisted in a shameless conspiracy. Time, however, has brought condemnation upon them and vindication to us. Truth has prevailed over falsehood, just as home rule will triumph over coercion. Our enemies are in the dust to which they tried to drag us down, and out of the mouth of the tribunal which they appointed to try and condemn us they themselves have been found guilty and disgraced. And thus it will be when the next and greater tribunal of the general election will pronounce upon the whole issue between Ireland and her coercionist rulers.

Tim Healy—Though personally I write in the gloom of Mr. Bigger's loss, I feel that we approach St. Patrick's Day as one of the few remaining milestones on the road to victory. Tell our people in America that the march is now down hill and to quick music. To them we owe nearly everything, and the fact is never and never will be forgotten.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan—To my mind it is impossible for Irishmen to acknowledge adequately the noble unselfishness displayed towards them by the American people in this struggle. With Parnell and Gladstone at our head victory is certain and near. That is the best greeting that I can send to our friends in America. I am sure it will be the most welcome news they could receive at their St. Patrick's night celebration.

John Barry, of South Wexford—After twenty-seven years of more or less active participation in every Irish national movement I feel convinced that St. Patrick's day, 1890, is well within sight of the end. There is no mistake about the strength of popular feeling in England, Scotland, and Wales, nor the fact that it is growing and extending every day. The people at home were never so firm, so steady, so united.

James J. Kelly, M. P.—The Irish people stand an organized nation, conscious of their rights and doggedly resolved to maintain them. Day by day the national power becomes more solid, and if Irishmen passively submit to tyranny for the moment it is because they see the day of deliverance has dawned. They are patient because of a great hope.

MAY WE BE THERE TO SEE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

When haggard face and hollow eye
Shall curse the world no more;
And want shall cease to crouch and sigh
Beside the rich man's door;
When autumn's overflowing grain
Each granery may glut,
And wealth on labor's lap will rain
And gild the toiler's hut;
When brothers' love that never cloys
Glows through these days to be,
May we be there to see, my boys—
May we be there to see!

When man stands free the wide earth o'er,
And despot lords lie low,
When kingly creeds are of the lore
That shamed the long ago;
When thrones and crowns in ruins strew
The new found freedom-path,
And tyrants know, as once they knew,
An outraged people's wrath;
When glories such as Tyre's or Troy's
Be thine, Democracy,
May we be there to see, my boys—
May we be there to see!

When Freedom comes with holy hands
To bless this isle of ours,
And bind in fond united bands
Its cities and its tow'rs;
When peace, and comfort, and content
All round her shores be spread,
And heart with heart be ever blent,
And soul to soul be wed;
When Ireland's sons will taste its joys
And balm of liberty,
May we be there to see, my boys—
May we be there to see!

OBITUARY.

JOHN B. RYAN.

On March 13 Mr. John B. Ryan, the popular and well known lawyer of the West Side, died at his residence, No. 387 West Fourteenth street, of a complication of diseases contracted out of an attack of "la grippe." The deceased, who was a splendid type of his race, was born at Cappamore, county Limerick, Ireland, and was 47 years old. Before he had yet left his teens Mr. Ryan conceived the bold and hazardous scheme of enlisting in the British army for the purpose of striving to induce as many as possible of the Irish in the Queen's service to join the Fenian movement, then in its inception, and also for the purpose of acquiring that discipline and knowledge of military tactics so essential to the success of a revolutionist. His fine physique and dexterity as a swordsman soon secured him the rank of sergeant, but as the government quickly discovered the purpose for which he joined his country's foes, and how very successful he had been in spreading disaffection among his regiment (the 73d, then stationed at Chatham) they were about to lay hands on young Ryan and all his confederates, when he "gave them the slip," and succeeded in escaping to America. After working for a livelihood in many different States and in various capacities he ultimately came to Chicago, where he succeeded in working his way to the bar. Mr. Ryan sometimes took an active part in politics, but never sought any political office for himself. At the presidential elections he usually voted the Republican ticket but in all local and municipal elections he voted for whoever he believed to be the most deserving candidates, irrespective of nationality, creed, or party associations. This showed the honesty and unselfishness of a man who, at all times and all places, had the courage of his convictions. His devotion to the land of his birth was also proverbial, and was only equalled by his attachment to the glorious land of his adoption. Though his many friends will miss his stalwart figure and genial, handsome, manly face from their midst, yet it is somewhat of a consolation to them to reflect that he died "true to home and faith and freedom to the last." The Rev. Father Kelly, S J., was a constant attendant the bedside of the deceased, who died duly fortified by all the rites of the Catholic church. If any further evidence was wanting of how very popular Mr. Ryan has been and in what high esteem he had been held by all who came within the large circle of his acquaintance, it was fittingly supplied by the immense concourse of citizens of every shade of nationality, creed and politics who thronged around his bier and accompanied his remains to Calvary cemetery on Sunday last. The funeral cortege was one of the largest seen on the West Side for years, for—

His kindred circled all mankind—his country all the globe,
An honest name his jeweled star—crimsoned robe.

The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: Justice Daniel Scully, John J Curran, William Maher, James O'Connell, John Brown, and Edward F. Ryan.

E F RYAN.

MR DAVID HAYDEN.

Mr. David Hayden, one of Chicago's old citizens, died a very peaceful and happy death on March 11, at his new home on Berkley avenue and Forty sixth street. Mr. Hayden was born on Corpus Christi day, in Thomastown, county Kilkenny, Ireland, in the year 1816, and at his death was nearly seventy five years old. He came to this country in 184- and settled in New York city, where he was one of the original organizers of the famous 69 h regiment, the gallant Irish regiment of that State, and was one of the party that took the first ride on the first Broadway stage line. He came to Chicago in the early sixties but has not been in business for some years, living a quiet and somewhat retired life. He leaves a wife some years younger than himself and one son, Joseph P. Hayden, who is well known in business circles.

G. B. H.

For the Mandeville Monument.

The was quite a considerable gathering of Irish-Americans last Sunday afternoon at Fitzgerald's Hall, consequent upon the recent issuance of a circular by the Mandeville memorial committee urging the necessity for some practical united action in raising funds for the Mandeville monument to be erected at Mitchellstown, Ireland. The call was issued by the authority of an informal meeting held the previous Sunday, and was signed by E.M. Lahiff, M. J. English, Thomas Fitzgerald, John L. Quan, John O'Sullivan, T.J Lane, J. Kennefic, and E. J. Kelly.

John O'Sullivan was Chosen permanent chairman, and M. J. English, secretary.

Considerable speech making was indulged in, all of the same patriotic, eulogistic tenor, and the best of feeling prevailed throughout. The one purpose of the meeting was to make a practical effort to perpetuate the memory of John Mandeville, and to this end each member was appointed a committee of one to solicit funds from his neighbors and acquaintances. Properly certified blank books are to be furnished each member, and the entire subscription list will be published within a week or two after the returns are made. A committee consisting of William Barry, Thomas Fitzgerald, T.J. Lane, E M. Lahiff, John O'Sullivan, and J. Lane were appointed to solicit funds from business men in the centre of the city.

A letter from President Scott, of the Celto American League, was heartily applauded when read. It said that at a recent meeting of the League it had been determined to devote a large percentage of the proceeds from their forthcoming entertainment to the Mandeville monument fund. When the meeting adjourned it was till Tuesday evening, March 25, when reports of funds collected will be made.

About Irish Monuments.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, March 5.—The great success last night of the Emmet celebration by the Irish Nationalists of this city proves that love of country and admiration of her noble patriot martyrs is still alive and as present in the hearts of our people as it ever was, notwithstanding the efforts of a few malcontents who are aiding the Anglo American press in denouncing Irish Nationalism as a crime and the Clan na Gael a band of assassins who are unlawfully(?) associated in this free republic of America!

Permit me to suggest an idea to you in relation to making such large gatherings effectual, practical and ennobling, and through THE CITIZEN my ideal can be realized. It is well known that the songs and monuments of a country make its people brave and patriotic. Now we pride ourselves that our country is a land of song. Cold, cold must be the heart and void of emotion that loves not the music of Erin-go-Bragh. But where, oh, where are our monuments? Wolfe Tone, Davis, O'Connell, Moore, all are forgotten; although our fellow Americans and German-Americans are building monuments everywhere over this broad land to commemorate the deeds of their heroes, thereby inculcating in the minds of their children that they should emulate them. Yet we visit Lincoln Park, admire these monuments, and are still supine. Why not take the lead and awaken them to their duty by opening a subscription list and sounding the alarm through the ever increasing popularity of THE CITIZEN?

We have been theorists, fanatics, bigots and idealists too long, let us try to be practical and prove to the American people that we have had heroes, whose memories are well worthy of being commemorated and whose deeds should be emulated by the sons of fair Columbia. The Celto American or Irish-American clubs should be the pioneers in this movement, and next year's St. Patrick's Day the time, and Chicago the place to inaugurate a new departure in the oft-repeated time-worn speeches and toasts of "Auld Lang Syne."

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	Per Can.	Per Doz Cans.
2-lb cans Red Raspberries	6	70
2-lb cans Strawberries	10	1.10
2-lb cans Preserve Strawberries	15	1 70
2-lb cans N. H. Table Peaches	12½	1.50
2-lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	19	2 25
2-lb cans California Egg Plums	10	1 20
2-lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	10	1 20
2-lb cans Cal. Green Gages	10	1 20
2-lb cans California Apricots	17	2 00
2-lb cans Sliced Pineapples	12½	1 40
2-lb cans Grated Pineapples	12½	1 40
2-lb cans Gooseberries	10	1.10

VEGETABLES IN TINS.

	Per Can.	Per Doz Cans.
2-lb cans Portland Lima Beans	10	$1 10
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	8	90
2-lb cans M. C. & Co. Sugar Corn	6	70
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	10	1.10
This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.		
2-lb cans Edwards' Maine Packed Sugar Corn	10	1.10
This is the finest corn packed this year.		
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2-lb cans B. & M. Succotash	14	1 60
2-lb cans Golden Pumpkin	10	1 10
Franch Mushrooms	15	1 70
2-lb can California Asparagus	15	1 75
2-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	7	84
Finest French Peas	14	1 60
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Sardines in Oil, per can.....4½ cents
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A 15 lb pail Genuine Irish Mackerel for.....$1.75
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Best Boneless Codfish, per lb..... 8 cts
A 15 lb pail Family Whitefish for..55 cts
A 15 lb pail Large No. 1 Whitefish..90 cts
A 15 lb pail No. 1 Lake Trout for..70 cts
A 15 lb pail Round Labrador Herring for..... 54 cts
A 15 lb pail K. K. K. Norwegian Herring for..... 85 cts
A 12 lb pail Cal. Blood Red Salmon $1 10
A 10 lb pail Large Family Mackerel. 1 30
A 15 lb pail Large Family Mackerel. 1 90
Round kegs Imported Holland Herring for..... 90 cts
Smoked Salmon, per lb..... 14 cts

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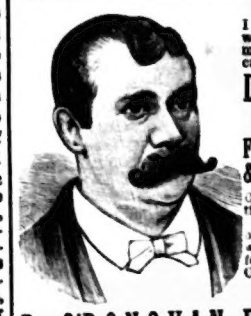

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DREAMING AND HOPE.

The rosy wings of fancy
Are folded now in rest,
And hope has hushed her dreaming
To sleep within my breast.

And cold and cruel reason
Has whispered unto me—
If hope and fancy vanish
What life would surely be.

If dreams be dead, no matter,
If hope should linger still,
Sweet peace will fan her pinions
And soften ev'ry ill.

But if the hope should perish,
And slip from life away,
A cloudy day this life, then,
With morn and eve of gray.

With no bright sun at noontime
To pierce the heavy pall,
To brighten with its glowing
The shadows over all.

And life would be undoubted,
A living but to be!
Existence in all phases
A mere necessity.

Then wake, my sleeping fancy,
And hope awake to smile,
And slumber not forever,
But soothe my life awhile.

Sweet fancy, plume your pinions,
To soar the rosy sea,
Fly forth, O blessed hoping,
And bring my joys to me.
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE FREED PRISONER.

"I consider it the only hope for him, judge," said the doctor.

"It will establish a bad precedent. The prisoners will think all they have to do is to get sick so as to get free," said the judge, testily.

"It is but a question of time, and a very short time, too, before a greater judge even than you will give him his discharge, and not only him, but a good many others besides," said the doctor, much provoked.

"Eh, is that so?" said the judge, ignoring sarcasm, "is there really so much sickness in the jail?"

"A good deal, and chiefly confined to the United States prisoners. Spotted fever rages with fatal effect among them."

"That is strange. How do you account for it? Is illicit distilling an unhealthy occupation?"

"When it reaches its natural result of landing the operator into jail, there to sicken, it may be called decidedly unhealthy. But, jesting aside, these mountain fellows suffer more than the other prisoners for the reason that they have always lived a free life in the open air; therefore the close confinement of the jail proves very irksome and they sicken under it. This spotted fever is, I think, the result of lack of proper circulation of the blood. It is a sort of epidemic among the mountaineers. Some of them have died of it and others are very low, and they will die too, if they stay in that jail. The thought of going home is all that will save them now—Jack Bigby, especially; release is the only hope for him."

"He has no one to thank but himself," said the judge. "Why did he meddle with illicit distilling?"

"I grant all you say; but death is a severe sentence for a few gallons of mountain dew," said the doctor.

"True," said the judge after a pause. "I will suspend sentence in his case, and let him go home. Here is his release," said he, as he filled out a blank; "take it to him—a new sort of physic, truly! But tell him he won't get off so easy the next time he meddles with the revenue."

"Thanks," said the doctor as he took the paper. "It will be many a day, if ever, before he will feel like playing with edged tools. Judge, this is the first time I ever envied your high position—when I see the mercy you can show."

"Is the sun a-shinin' outside, Pa?"

* * * * * * *

The sick man lay on his bunk in his cell; his fever scorched tongue was stiff and blackened so that he could scarcely speak. It was difficult to recognize in the wan shadow lying there the stalwart mountaineer of a few months ago. His blue eyes were sunk deep in his head; his matted hair and beard were bleached from a sunburnt yellow to a sickly straw color, and over the hollow caverns of his cheeks the white skin, blanched by prison dank, was tightly drawn. On its bloodless surface the red blotches of the spotted fever showed with startling vividness.

Could this be Jack Bigby, the man who could outshoot, outride, outjump and outdance any of his comrades?

Old Bigby, otherwise Pap, as he sat by the bedside of his sick son, felt dazed and stunned by the change. He had only arrived that morning, and, in the few hours that had passed, failed yet to realize it. Could that be Jack? He was changed in his ways as well as in his looks. How strange he talked!

"Set whar I kain see ye, Pap," he said, when his father had arrived. "The sight of ye is good fer sore eyes."

And, as he said it, all at once the father had choked up and felt like crying; he didn't know why. But he hadn't done it.

"Hit war powerful cur'ous. Jes' ter think o' Jack a-sayin' sech a thing! Rough an' ready Jack ter wanter lay thar an' look at his ole pap!"

Mr. Bigby, it is true, was not a very beauteous object, nor one on which most people would crave to feast their eyes. He looked as if the summer sun had shone upon him very hot and the winter rain had beat upon him very hard. He could, in fact, be called weather beaten. His long, iron gray hair and beard were guiltless of barber or comb and brush either, for that matter. The seams and rugged lines of his face caused his countenance to look like a bit of rolling landscape. But all seamed and rugged as it was, to the homesick eyes of his son it was more beautiful than the face of Adonis.

Mountaineers are not emotional people, and so old Bigby sat there, his throat swelling queerly under the strange gaze of his son. Mingled with his emotion was a feeling of wonder and horror at his changed appearance.

"His hands," thought the father, "air like chicken claws!" Could that pale, shadowy thing be Jack's muscular fist?

"Is the sun shinin' outside, pap?" asked Jack, for his father's presence had brightened up his cell.

"Yes," said the old man, "hit's a-shinin' right smart, but hit's so dim in hyar, ye kaint see hit."

"Hit air dim in hyar allus," said the prisoner, "tell fer a leetle taste o' sunshine, 'pears like I'd perish."

"Ye'll git better now," said the father, taking the invalid's thin hand in his brown, horny one, and awkwardly stroking it. "Why, yer hand," said he by way of a joke, "is so thin an' white hit looks eenamos' like a streak o' light."

"I 'low I looks like a afternoon shadder, anyhow," said the invalid, feebly. "I kaint hold out much longer."

"Yer mouth's dry, honey," said the anxious father, unconsciously going back to his childhood's way of speaking to him. "Hyar, let pap gin ye a leetle sup o' water ter wet it."

But the prisoner closed his eyes and slightly shook his head.

"Jest a drap," coaxed the father; "jes the matter o' a drap, Jackie, honey."

"Not thet thar water," said the prisoner rousing up. "Thet thar prison water makes me heave. Oh, fer a drink outer the spring at home! seems like I could drink hit dry."

Old Bigby felt frightened; he was no part of a nurse, and the changed appearance of his son still shocked him.

"Hit looks like good water," said he, "hit does. Try a sup."

But the sick man refused, and his father welcomed the entrance of the jailer.

"Here, Jack," said that official, "my wife's sent you some soup; try and take it."

But the invalid still refused. "I kaint eat hit," he said.

"What do you crave?" asked the jailer.

"Sunshine an' fresh a'r," cried the prisoner, rousing up. "Ef I could only git out whar the sun'd shine on me, an' the mountain a'r would blow on me, an' whar I could see the peak o' old Baldface, a-rollin' up behin' pap's house, seems like I could git up an' run a mile."

"You should ha' thought of all o' that afore you went to monkeying with the revenue," said the jailer.

"I never thought ez how I'd be cotched," said the prisoner, sullenly.

"But hit does seem hard," said old Bigby, apologetically, "fer a man ter suffer so much—eenamos' pay with his life fer makin' a few gallons o' wild cat liquor liker that."

"The government don't want it," said the jailer, undertaking to explain the revenue system, "but it don't want you to have it, neither."

"Well, now, thet does look cur'ous," said old Bigby. "What kain hit matter ter the gov'ment? En what," he continued, as the jailer was unable to answer that question, "en what's a man to do with his extry crap o' corn when he kaint git hit to market? We uns lives on the side o' old Baldface, en ter haul our crap ter market costs purty nigh ez much ez the crap is wuth. En this year, owin' ter one accident en another, the crap piddled out o' the small een o' the horn. Hit didn't pay ter haul thet leetle bit ter market fer the mite o' money they'd pay fer hit. En we uns war hard up; we had nary sugar nor coffee—jes' bread en a little bite o' meat; en Jack sez, sezzee, 'I hain't agwine ter stend hit, I hain't; I'll jes haul the corn over ter Stillinger's still en turn hit inter bug juice. Hit'll fotch nuff ter buy sugar an' coffee.'

"So he hauled hit over thar ter the still, every bit o' our crap we had to spar, en the stillers stilled hit on sheers. The shotes, they followed Jack, en the rev'nue they followed the shotes en busted up the still, en throwed out the mash en the beer en the whisky en away went our year's crap at a lick. En wussur an all, they cotched Jack. Stillinger he got er way—he's a ole hand at the business—en the rev'nue took en brung Jack ter Atlanty."

"Then you didn't git no sugar nor coffee?" said the jailer, as old Bigby paused.

"Nary drap," said he mournfully, shaking his grizzled head, "en we lost our leetle crap besides. But what's sugar en coffee ter Jack bein' tuck? Me en his ma en the gals wish we uns never heared tell o' sugar en coffee. What's sugar en coffee ter Jack's a lyin' thar a-perishin' away, weaker 'an a baby?" cried the old man in a tremulous voice.

Here the sick man's nerves gave way under a flood of self pity, and he began to weep.

"Thar—thar—honey," cried his father, trying to soothe him, "don't ye cry." He thrust his hand into the pocket of his copperas jeans coat and drew out a gaudy red and yellow cotton handkerchief.

"La! La!" he ejaculated, "ef I hain't clean disremembered all 'bout hit! Why, honey, ef hyar hain't anew henkercher yer ma sent me. She saved up all o' ole Speck's aigs en sol' 'em Chris'mas, en buyed hit fer ye fer a present, en she's been a-keepin' hit fer ye ever sence."

But the gaudy handkerchief, far from comforting the prisoner, overwhelmed him with home sickness.

"Take hit away!" he sobbed. "Take hit away! Oh, ma! Oh, ma! I'll never see ye agin!"

The stalwart mountaineer dashed the gay handkerchief under the bed, and kneeling beside his son, cradled him in his arms as if he were a baby.

"Thar, now; thar, now; don't ye take hit so ter heart. Ye'll git well en see her yit. Pap'll nuss his boy tell he sees her. Don't! don't, my Jackie, my baby! Oh, my Lord!" he moaned in sudden terror at his helplessness to comfort. The unhappy father's tears mingled with his son's, and he vainly strove to dry them in his blue checked handkerchief.

The friendly jailer's eyes filled, and his throat swelled, and fearing he might be swept away in the sea of woe, he hastily retreated to the door, and nearly knocked over the doctor, who was entering.

"What is the matter," said he. "Come, come, this won't do!"

"He won't hush," said the father. "Ef his ma was only hyar ter nuss him he'd do better."

"Well, he must get well and go to her. Here's something that will cure him faster than all my medicine," and the doctor held up the paper. "See, the judge has sent you a release," and he read it aloud.

"Now, Bigby, you must get well, so you can travel."

"I'll never get well in hyar," said the prisoner, trying to stay his sobs. "All I crave is a leetle sunshine en fresh a'r."

"Well, you shall have it just as soon as you can travel."

"Pap, ye say the sun's a shinin' outside?" said the prisoner.

"Well, hit's a-shinin' right smart," said Mr. Bigby, winking the tears off his eyelashes. "Yes," said he, qualifying, as it were, his assertion, "I mought say hit's a-shinin' right peart."

"En hit's a-gittin' warm, hain't hit?" asked he. "Spring's a-comin', hain't it?"

"Spring's a comin' on," assented Mr. Bigby. "The snow's done melted and gone, the peach trees air a-bloomin', the buds o' the ellums en the willows air a-swellin', the red buds en maples air a-bloomin', the bees air a-playin' in the sun afore the'r gums, en the young calves air a-bleatin' in yander pastur'," he said, adding bit by bit to the rural picture as his son's hungry eyes seemed to devour him. "The jaybirds air beginnin' ter sing, en soon the voice o' the turtle will be heared in the land," he concluded.

"Then I'll go," said Jack, homesick for a sight of what his father had told him.

"It will be a great risk," said the doctor.

"Well, I'll risk hit. What's the use o' dyin', like a rat in a hole, in this hyer jail?" said the prisoner.

"It is almost certain death to venture," insisted the doctor. "Wait till you get a little better."

"Ef I mus' die, lemme die at home," cried Jack. "'Pears like I could die easier thar."

Seeing that he was determined to go, the doctor ceased to urge him. "Have you the means to take him home?" he asked the father, who had arisen and seated himself on the side of the bunk.

"Well, yes," said the old man, "I sold my critter afore leavin' home ter git the money ter come hyar on."

"If you sold your horse, how are you going to make your crop?" asked the friendly jailer.

"Well," said Mr. Bigby, undaunted by the dismal prospect ahead, "I thought as how I'd sell my cow en calf, arter Jack is well nuff to do 'thaut the milk, en buy a steer. Only lemme git him back ter his ma in the mountains en we'll scratch 'long somehow."

The sun shone bright and warm; the air was sweet and balmy; spring was coming fast, and April seemed to have hastened along the road to meet March and strewed a few of her days in his calendar. The sun beamed into the car where Jack Bigby lay on two seats, apparently half asleep. For the first half of the journey the excitement, the change, the thought of home, had kept him up.

"The sun—the a'r," he cried, delightedly, "hit's powerful good, pap!"

"Hit's mighty peart," said the old man, sympathetically.

But now, his little strength exhausted, Jack lay in a state of collapse that his father mistook for sleep, with the sun shining full into his face, though he did not seem to know it.

"Wake up, Jackie," said old Bigby, cheerfully. "We air out er Canton now, en gwine in ermong the mountains. Look at 'em."

The sick man roused up, and with his father's assistance raised himself so as to look out of the window. As far as the eye could reach range after range of mountains met the view rising one above the other. The invalid gazed upon them as if he could never get his fill and drank in the mountain air as if it was an elixir.

"Thar, thar, Jackie," said his father; "I'm afeard you'll cotch cole."

"The sight er them is good for sore eyes," said the released prisoner. And language could go no further in his case.

Old Bigby laughed. "What'll ye say when ye see Baldface, en thet thar big pine thet's growd on the tip top er hit war we use ter go a coon huntin'?"

"Ef ever I gets able ter climb up thar, I'll never wanter come down again," said Jack.

Again his father laughed. "Is thet thar ole pine all ye're hankerin' arter, sonny?" he asked.

"In course I wanter see ma and the gals," said the sick man. "When I see ma agin I"—his voice failed him and he broke down.

"Thar, thar," said the old man hastily, "don't bother 'bout ma en the gals—not but what they'll hev' er shout en go roun' when they see ye. Lie down en res' now."

He laid his son back on the seat, and Jack wearily closed his eyes and seemed to sleep. Absorbed with his unaccustomed surroundings old Bigby did not notice his heavy breathing, which was deadened by the noise of the train. At last, glancing out the window, familiar objects came in view.

"Jackie," said the old man, "Jackie, wake up, honey. Thar's old Baldface. Look up. En thar's yan pine."

The sick man unclosed his eyes, but they wore a strange look. "I see no pine," he said feebly.

Old Bigby grew frightened. He passed his arms around his son and lifted him by main force; terror gave him strength. "Look, look," he cried anxiously.

But his son's head fell back against his shoulder, the cool mountain breeze played with his hair, the sunshine beamed in his face, but the dying mountaineer saw nothing. In vain his glazing eyes turned toward the distant mountains.

"I kaint see hit," said he feebly, "I'm going fas'. Bury me on top er ole Baldface, pap, yander pine—thar I'll sleep free forever."

His struggling breath ceased. No more his darkening eyes could see the sun for which he so craved. The judge's suspended sentence now availed him naught. Summoned before a greater judge, the moonshiner was free.—Paul Grant in Atlanta Constitution.

She Was Not Over Pretty.

Giles—What did your friend mean when she said she was used to standing? Surely she can't be a saleslady.

Jennie—No, indeed. She meant that she rides in the elevated so much.—Epoch.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

That of William H. Ellis, Who Died in New York.

ADVENTURES IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

His House and Crops Burned During an Insurrection — Narrow Escape from Death at the Hands of His Enemies—The Escape in a Rowboat, Accompanied by a Faithful Body Servant—Final Arrival at New York Harbor.

NEW YORK, March 17.—A career full of romance came to an end when William H. Ellis died in East Houston street in this city. Mr. Ellis began life as a pupil of his father, who was one of the most expert wood carvers in this country. The chancel of Trinity church is a monument of their skill, and the figureheads on all the then famous Black-Ball line of steamers were the work of their hands. About fifteen years ago the spirit of adventure took complete control of the younger Ellis, and he left his comfortable home and sailed to the British Honduras. Investing his money in land he began the cultivation of cotton. During an insurrection among the natives his house was burned and his crops destroyed.

Hair-Breadth Escapes.

Accompanied by his faithful body servant he escaped in a rowboat, and, after many hair-breadth escapes, they reached a plague-stricken island. Both were taken down with fever, and the servant died. Ellis was nursed back to life by the daughter of a native chief in whose house they found shelter. When he regained strength to travel he started for America. On reaching New York he learned that his father, wife, and children had all died during his absence. Disheartened for a time only, he again began the battle for bread. Two maiden sisters, with whom he made his home, had to be provided for. Fortune seemed at last to smile upon him, and he was soon the owner of $10,000 worth of raw cotton

Lived in Genteel Poverty.

It was stored in a warehouse and a purchaser had been found. The day before the sale was to have been consummated the building and its contents were burned. Then he began the manufacture of a boiler compound. The chemicals used in making the compound were absorbed into his system and he was again stricken. For two years he had been bed-ridden, and he and his two unmarried sisters lived in genteel poverty.

THE OHIO REDISTRICTING.

How It May Be Made to Elect a Democratic President.

COLUMBUS, O., March 18.—If the Buchanan bill, providing for the election of presidential electors by the people of the congressional districts instead of by the state at large, becomes a law under the redistricting law just enacted, Ohio would give the next Democratic presidential candidate sixteen electoral votes, instead of none, as usual, unless before a presidential election comes a Republican legislature should repeal the law. As the state senatorial districts are now arranged, however, that branch of the legislature is quite certain to remain Democratic. A bill will be offered as a substitute which gives the legislature the power to elect the presidential electors. This would give the Ohio electoral vote to the Democrats only when they have a majority on joint ballot in the legislature.

A Mirage Witnessed in Ohio.

ASHLAND, Ohio, March 14.—A remarkable instance of a mirage was witnessed here about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It presented a picture of a clear and well-defined city, full sized, though of course inverted, and appearing like a large city suspended in the air or falling through it, as the ground on which it stood was not reflected. Church steeples and walls of houses were slightly inclined. The phenomenon seemed to be only a few hundred yards above the earth and was visible for nearly three-quarters of an hour. The day was clear and calm with a cloudless sky. Many spectators claimed that the city reflected was Mansfield, thirty miles distant; others say it was Sandusky, eighty-five miles away, and each party professed to recognize buildings in those places.

Killed by Exploding Dynamite.

ROCKVILLE CENTER, L. I., March 13.—An explosion of dynamite here instantly killed two laborers and injured fatally two others. The men were at work on the Brooklyn aqueduct.

The explosion occurred while some 200 Italians were at work excavating for the new aqueduct, on Powell's farm. Through some unexplained cause eighty dynamite cartridges were discharged instantly killing Charles Smith and Phillip Stoffel. Two other men named Dallas Raynor and Thomas Baldwin were badly wounded.

Machine Shops Destroyed.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, March 14.—Fire broke out in the machine shops of the Hocking Valley railroad, located in the extreme southern part of the city, and the flames spread rapidly and in an hour the building was in ruins. The loss of the building is $50,000. Six engines valued at $12,000 each were destroyed. One hundred men are thrown out of employment.

Glass Works Destroyed.

BOWLING GREEN, March 13.—The Lithgoe glass factory was destroyed by fire, which originated in the stock shed. It is alleged that the flames were kindled by a discharged workman. The loss is $31,000; insured for $20,000 in thirteen companies. The works employed 110 men and manufactured fruit jars, beer and mineral bottles. The works will be rebuilt immediately.

Conger's Lard Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 14.—The subcommittee of the house committee on agriculture has authorized a favorable report on the bill introduced in the house by Conger "defining lard and imposing a tax upon and regulating the manufacture, sale, importation and exportation thereof." The bill will receive the action of the full committee at an early day.

A Woman Ticket in the Field.

ATCHISON, Kan., March 14.—The women of Atchison have placed in nomination a full ticket for the school board. This was done in pursuance of a plan to capture the school board so as to reform many features that the women teachers regard as burdensome. It is thought that no nominations will be made against the women's candidates.

The New Monon Directors.

NEW YORK, March 13.—It is generally believed that the new board of directors elected by the "Monon" company Wednesday is in the interest of the Pennsylvania and the Louisville and Nashville companies.

MEMORY OF SNAKES.

The Shining Stone Which the Cobra Carries to Attract Fireflies.

The cobras are perhaps the only serpents which will eat insects. They feed on ants, grasshoppers, a variety of beetles, etc., but seem to have a special preference for fireflies, perhaps because the latter can be caught at night much more easily than any other kind of insect. I have often for hours watched cobras in the grass catching the fireflies, darting about here and there, a process which requires considerable exertion on the part of the serpent. Now, every entomologist knows that the flying lampyridæ consists entirely of males. The females, which are not very numerous, are much larger and cannot fly, as they have only rudimentary wings. They sit quietly in the grass, emitting a greenish light, which is much stronger than that of the males, and fades and becomes brilliant at regular intervals. If a glowworm be watched for a time, a steady current of male insects will be observed flying towards it and alighting in close proximity.

Now it so happens that the naja-kallu, this little pebble of chlorophane or fluorspar, emits in the dark a greenish light, which is so much like that of the female lampyris that it is an easy matter to deceive the male firefly with it by setting it up as a decoy. The cobras have gradually come to take advantage of an experience made by them, accidentally, I dare say, thousands of years ago. It may frequently happen, for instance, that a cobra finds one of these shining stones in the gravel of dry river beds (where they are by no means uncommon), being attracted to it by its glow at night, and taking it for a glowworm. It would, then, at any rate, notice that the flies could be caught much more easily and quickly in the neighborhood of that shining object than anywhere else, and would habitually return to it. Several cobras might thus come together, and there would be competition, and from this moment to the finding out that success in capturing fireflies depends on the possession of this phosphorescent pebble, and to the seizing of it in order to prevent another snake monopolizing it, is, in my opinion, no great step, and involves no exceptional powers of reasoning. The cobra carries it about, and soon learns to treasure it, for it affords it an easy means of getting its living. All it has to do is to deposit the stone in the grass at night, and the obliging insects literally fly down its throat.

There are even reasons for believing that no individual experience is now necessary to cause any cobra to act in this manner, but that even a young cobra, on finding such a stone, will instinctively take it up and use it in the manner I have described. For it must be borne in mind that there is an inherited race memory among the lower animals which is often far stronger than the memory gathered during the short life time of the individual. What causes a blind kitten to spit and put up its back if a dog is brought near it? It never saw a dog, never saw anything, yet it knows there is some danger ahead. Thus the accumulated experience of the cobra's ancestors during countless generations now causes it to act in a manner which we refer to instinct.

Such are the remarkable facts connected with the naja-kallu, the cobra's shining stone. Who can tell whether the old traditions of snakes carrying precious stones, of which we still find traces in our fairy tales, may not have their source in some such fact as this?—Professor H. Hensoldt in Harper's.

Improved Dumbbell.

In athletic exercise, which now plays such a prominent part in hygienic cult, the old notion of severe laborious exertion at the outset has been utterly exploded, and modern science has decided that light and very gradually increasing tasks are productive of the best and most lasting results. In dumbbells of the usual construction the athlete must have a large assortment of gradually increasing sizes, and unless a great many are kept the transition to a heavier pair cannot be made in the moderate gradation that is advisable. To meet this contingency an improved dumbbell has been devised. It consists of two hollow wooden shells through which the handle passes. These balls can be the receivers of a large or small quantity of sand or shot as may be desired, and thus the weight of the dumbbell can be graduated with the greatest nicety.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Cotton in the Air.

The players form a ring and join hands. A small bit of jeweler's cotton or a light feather is then thrown into the air, and they try, by blowing it upward, to keep it from falling. If they blow too hard, the cotton is driven away; if too gently, it falls, and the game is finished. The interest consists in directing it, if possible, to one or other of the players, who pays a forfeit if it falls before her. All this must be done without letting go of hands. The game may also be played sitting round a table.—Ladies' Home Journal.

No Excursions in Cuba.

A friend of mine, piloting a party over Cuba, applied to one of the railways for a dozen tickets. He was told that as a special favor he would be given the tickets at regular tariff rates—"but," continued the officer, "hereafter when you want to make the trip we shall have to charge you extra rates when you bring a party."

"Why so?" demanded my friend.

"Because," explained the officer, "so large a party necessitates our putting on another car."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

A Distinction Without a Difference.

Auctioneer—And now, ladies and gentlemen, what bid do I hear for this massive gold mounted Carrara marble Eiffel tower movement mantel timepiece, worth at the lowest, paltriest figure one hundred—did I hear seventy-five dollars?

Man in the Crowd—I said five dollars.

Auctioneer — Going — going—gone!—Jewelers' Review.

Drawn on a Jury.

In New York some years ago a summons commanding Thatcher Magoin to present himself for service in the jury box was returned to the commissioner of jurors, with the information that it had been served on the wrong party. In such cases, however, as is well known, no ordinary excuse is accepted.

"Magoin," said the commissioner, "must appear in person and show cause why he should not be a juror."

"He can't come," was the reply. "He's too busy."

"Such an excuse will not help him. He must come or suffer the consequences of fine and imprisonment," said the commissioner sternly.

"If he did come he'd make things hot for you! Besides, it'll take a derrick and truck to bring him here. He turns the scales at five thousand pounds."

The commissioner expressed the opinion that the speaker had been drinking.

"I'm as sober as you be," said the representative of the absent juror. "Thatcher Magoin is a steam engine located at the foot of Fletcher street. Years ago I was employed by a man named Thatcher Magoin, and I called my engine on Pier 19, East river, after him. When the directory man came to the dock to get names he saw the name on the engine, and he thought 'twas the name of the boss, so he put it down in his book."

It is needless to say that "Mr. Magoin" was excused from jury duty.—Youth's Companion.

A Visit Ruskin Paid Carlyle.

I heard a pretty account once from Mr. Alfred Lyttelton of a visit paid by Ruskin to Carlyle in the old familiar room in Cheyne Walk, with the old picture of Cromwell on the wall, and Mrs. Carlyle's little tables and pretty knickknacks still in their quiet order. Mr. Ruskin had been ill not long before, and as he talked on of something he cared about, Mr. Lyttelton said his eyes lighted up, and he seemed agitated and moved. Carlyle stopped him short, saying the subject was too interesting. "You must take care," he said, with that infinite kindness which Carlyle could show, "you will be making yourself ill once more." And Ruskin, quite simply, like a child, stopped short. "You are right," he said, calling Carlyle "master," and then went on to talk of something else, as dull, no doubt, as anything could be that Ruskin and Carlyle could talk about together.—Anne Thackeray Ritchie in Harper's Magazine.

A Pretty Parlor Experiment.

A very simple apparatus for obtaining an electric spark is made by a German physicist. Round the centre of a common lamp chimney is pasted a strip of tin foil, and another strip pasted from one end of the chimney to within a quarter of an inch of this ring. Then a piece of silk is wrapped round a brush, and the interior of the chimney is rubbed briskly. In the dark a bright electric spark may be seen to pass from one piece of tin foil to the other each time the brush is withdrawn from the chimney. Many other experiments can be tried with this apparatus.—New York Telegram.

English Fraud Coffee.

English tea is delicious, but their coffee is abominable. The ready ground coffee sold in the shops is as fine as dust. If you ask the grocer to grind it coarse he will have it the size of granulated sugar. It is only possible to have it drinkable by making in a French coffee pot by percolation. Made in the American way, by boiling, it requires exaggerated care or it is like mud.

A BROKEN HEARTED B'AR.

TRUE STORY OF THE DEMISE OF JASPER GRINDLEY'S PETS.

A Joke with a Water Barrel Brought Retaliation with a Dutch Oven and Led to Premeditated Suicide by Drowning—The Accounts Differ Slightly.

According to the story current among the laymen of this pleasant region, a year-old bear belonging to Jasper Grindley, a bear killer, had a fight with another year-old bear, also the property of Jasper, the result of which fight was the death of the last mentioned bear. The victor made a break for the woods, and, in taking a short cut, attempted to cross Gravely's mill pond on the ice. The ice was too thin to support the weight of the fleeing bear and broke beneath him. He disappeared beneath the ice, and was not seen again until his dead body was carried down by the water to the tail race, and so on to the water wheel of the sawmill. There it became jammed in the paddles and stopped the mill. When the body of the unfortunate bear was removed from the water wheel it was in bad shape.

Such was the story that was current about the death of Jasper Grindley's two bears; and it was tragic enough until Jasper came in with his account of the affair.

DUCKED HIS MATE.

"Them two young b'ars," said Jasper, "beat all creation for smartness, an' it was jest that smartness of their'n that done 'em both up. They was always playin' tricks on one another, an' one day one of 'em was takin' a leetle tramp around the house. He come to a bar'l that stood at one corner o' the house, half full o' rain water. He didn't know what was in the bar'l, o' course, but thinkin' that mebbe there was sumpin' in it that mowt pan out a heap o' fun fer him, he riz up on his hind feet, an' puttin' his forepaws on top o' the bar'l, looked over into it. Not bein' anything but water in the bar'l, the chances is that the little cuss 'd ha' got down ag'in an' gone on lookin' fer sumpin' else to git fun out of; but, jist ez he riz up on the bar'l, t'other b'ar happened round that way. He seen his mate nosin' inter the bar'l, an' all on a sudden it struck him that he see some fun in the situation. So what does he do but sneak up ahind t'other b'ar an' grab him by the hind legs, an' quicker than I kin tell ye he lifted him up an' soused him head fust in the bar'l. While the onfort'nit b'ar in the bar'l was splutterin' an' kickin' an' twistin' an' chokin' in the water, the tricky little sarpint that dumped him in just danced an' pranced around, an' hollered till you'd ha' thort he'd ha' busted, the thing hit him ez being so consarned funny. The b'ar in the bar'l would ha' drownded in short order if I hadn't ben clus by, an' run an' turned the bar'l up an' let him out.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.

"That b'ar never let on that he was put out by the little trick his mate had played on him, an' didn't git mad a bit. But I could see that he was keepin' his eye skinned for a chance to git even. An' there's where I orter kep' my eye skinned to prevent anything serious, but I never thort about things ever turnin' out the way they did.

"That big Dutch oven o' mine stands in the back o' the yard jist ez it did ez my ol' pop built it fifty year ago. The door is allus open except when we're usin' the oven, which haint more'n wunst a week. One day a couple of weeks ago I noticed that the door was shet, but I didn't think anything wrong till I see that there was only one o' the b'ars around, an' he was terrible oneasy, an' kep' hangin' 'round the oven, whinin' an' cryin' ez if his heart 'd break. Then I went and opened the oven door. Inside o' the oven lay t'other ba'r. He was deader'n a macker'l. I pulled him out. He had been suffocated till he died. There was only one way to explain it. The b'ars had been in the habit o' crawlin' in the oven an' layin' there, one at a time, thinkin' it was bang up fun. Now the b'ar that had been dumped in the bar'l o' water watched his chance, an' when t'other b'ar clumb in the oven he just sneaked up an' clapped the door shet on him. I wasn't there to let him out, an' the consekences was that he pegged out slick an' clean.

SELF DESTRUCTION.

From the way the live b'ar acted I know'd that he know'd jist what his trick had ended in, an' he took on orful to see. He howled an' whined an' bellered, an' somehow couldn't git over it. He took to wanderin' over to the neighbors ez if he was lookin' fer his dead mate, an' they told me that if I didn't keep him home he'd git a ball in some day. So I put a rope around his neck an' tied t'other end of it to an old plowsheer that was knockin' 'round the yard. He could drag the plowsheer about, but couldn't drag it far. But he kep' up his mournin' fer his mate, an' it was tetchin' to see him. I thot, o' course, that he'd git over it bimeby, or I'd ha put him outen his misery.

"One day las' week Sol Tift come to my house an' says:

"'That b'ar o' your'n,' says he, 'is a cortion. I jist met him walkin' over to'ards the mill pond, carryin' his plowsheer under his arm ez handy ez I'd carry three pound o' pork.'

"That skeered me. I dug over to'ard the mill pond ez fast ez I could go. I got there quick enough, but I couldn't see nothin' o' the b'ar. I walked up around the pond, an' what should I come on to but the b'ar, standin' on the ice an' breakin' a hole through it with the heavy plowsheer. I see what he was up to at wunst, but afore I conld get to him he had the hole made big enough, an' down through he plunked like a muskrat. I waited, but I never see him ag'in. The poor little cuss was jist wore out with remorse fer what he had done to his mate an' had committed suicide complete an' deliberate ez it had ever been committed sence the world started!"—New York Sun.

Blue vitriol has been shown to be a remedy for the peachblow potato blight.

WHY COUGH,

WHEN a few doses of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** will relieve you? Try it. Keep it in the house. You are liable to have a cough at any time, and no other remedy is so effective as this world-renowned preparation. No household, with young children, should be without it. Scores of lives are saved every year by its timely use.

Amanda B. Jenner, Northampton, Mass., writes: "Common gratitude impels me to acknowledge the great benefits I have derived for my children from the use of Ayer's most excellent Cherry Pectoral. I had lost two dear children from croup and consumption, and had the greatest fear of losing my only remaining daughter and son, as they were delicate. Happily, I find that by giving them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the first symptoms of throat or lung trouble, they are relieved from danger, and are becoming robust, healthy children."

"In the winter of 1885 I took a bad cold which, in spite of every known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete. Since then I have never been without this medicine. I am fifty years of age, weigh over 180 pounds, and attribute my good health to the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—G.W.Youker, Salem, N. J.

"Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate. I was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchial irritation. After trying various medicines, without relief, I at last purchased a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I have been well ever since."—Rev. Thos. B. Russell, Secretary Holston Conference and P. E. of the Greenville District, M. E. C., Jonesboro, Tenn.

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St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3455 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 110 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Semsen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1068 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Sye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O'Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—P Fazel, C R, 235 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackermann, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Otsero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hierzbech, F S; Chas Trausch, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquce, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGeaan, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. F. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 361 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 620 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 602 Forty-third st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1rst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall. Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doisn, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 353 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin.Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm thy. in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Talt, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3709 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres., William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John McHenry, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Dohery; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3102 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
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John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
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A LOVE LYRIC.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Speak not of the music of speeches,
For Ariel's song might grow mute—
Yes, mute through the mesmerized years,
When she toys like a fay with the lute;
And her voice falls like balm on my soul,
As I kneel here tonight at her feet,
Caressed by its wonderful troll—
Was nightingale's ever so sweet?

O, her brow is a temple of grace,
And her eyes have the light of the south;
The white of the lily her face—
The pink of carnation her mouth;
Her neck is the swan's, and her breast
Hath a mould that is rich and is rare
With the snow on its billowy crest—
Was Prosperpine ever so fair?

And her love is mine own—is mine own,
When our hands are commingled in bliss
In the depths of the alcove alone,
And our lips become one in a kiss;
There our souls rush together and blend,
Transfixed by a magical wand,
As our path through the roses we wend—
Was Aidee ever so fond?

Let me live in the balm of her voice,
Let me dwell in the light of her grace,
Let me revel for e'er and rejoice
In her treasures of mind and of face:
I can find no such mate anywhere—
Be she brunette or languishing blonde:
O, Prosperpine was not so fair,
And Aidee never so fond!

Funeral of Mr. Biggar.

The funeral of Mr. Joseph G. Biggar took place on Feb. 24, amid a demonstration of affection and sorrow such as is seldom witnessed, and which proved beyond doubt the great hold which the late member for West Cavan had obtained upon the hearts of the people. In Belfast, the centre of all Ireland that is opposed to the political and religious principles which Mr. Biggar held to the day of his death, this demonstration was the more remarkable, and showed that the generosity, honesty and manliness of his nature had overcome to a very great extent the prejudices which his opinions had excited. Magistrates, officials of the crown, professional men, merchants, traders, rich and poor, thronged behind his remains, followed them reverently to their last resting place, and waited till the last sod was placed over them. No such assembly gathered for such a purpose was, it may well be believed, ever seen in the streets of Belfast before, and until the day comes when all classes will be working in harmony for the good of their common country, it may with perhaps more certainly be conjectured that nothing like it will be seen again.

The services were held at St. Patrick's church, Most Rev. Dr. McAllister officiating, assisted by several clergymen. The number of priests present in the choir was remarkably large. After the solemn requiem mass the funeral cortege started for Carnmyney cemetery. Among those present were large delegations from the Irish Parliamentary party, Protestant Home Rule Associations, Belfast Branch of the National League, the the Belfast Radical Association, the Belfast Young Ireland Society, the Cavan Town Commissioners, the Cavan Poor Law Board, the Cavan Branch of the Irish National League, the Sexton Debating Society, and other associations. The members of the Belfast Branch of the National Foresters, walking two deep and wearing mourning armlets, made a most imposing appearance. The line of carriages, which extended a distance of about half a mile and closed the procession, was hedged in on right and left by dense crowds, the great majority of whom followed the remains the entire six miles to the cemetery, which was not reached until nearly 2 o'clock. It is very picturesquely situated on a slope, starting from the foot of the Cave Hill and stretching down to the shores of Belfast lough, of which it commands a magnificent view. The cemetery belongs to the Carnmoney Episcopalian church, and it is gratifying to be able to relate that every facility was given to the Catholic clergy to perform the funeral service over the grave. Here also Bishop McAllister officiated.

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In addition to the table of contents already announced, Mr. Finerty's book will include an account of Gen. Miles' battles with Lame Deer and Chief Joseph, in 1877; and also a sketch of Gen. George A. Forsyth's celebrated fight, against overwhelming numbers of Indians, on the forks of the Republican river, and other highly interesting matter.

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M. E. Ames, Attorney-at-Law.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN GRIFFIN, DEBTOR. The undersigned hereby gives notice that John Griffin, of Chicago, in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, did, on the 4th day of March A. D. 1890, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said John Griffin are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Room 6 81 Clark street, Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date. PATRICK GARRETT, Assignee.

Dated March 19, 1890.
M. E. Ames, Attorney, Room 6 81 Clark-st.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and give at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Particulars and sample case Free. We mean what we say. Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

In its Worst Form.

BENTON, LAF. CO., WIS., Dec., '88.
Rev. J. C. Bergen vouches for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 1½ years was treated by several physicians without effect, two bottles of Pastor Koenigs Nerve Tonic cured him.

A Montreal letter.

The True Witness and Chronicle, Montreal Can. Published Oct, 24th, '88
We are in receipt of a letter from one of our well known citizens, Mr. E. Boisvert, who writes that upon recommendation of the most Rev. M. Marchand, of Drummondville, he was induced to use for that most dreadful of all nervous diseases, FITS, a few bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; and is glad to state that after having suffered for eight years is now entirely cured, and heartily recommends all sufferers of nervous diseases to try this remedy.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the
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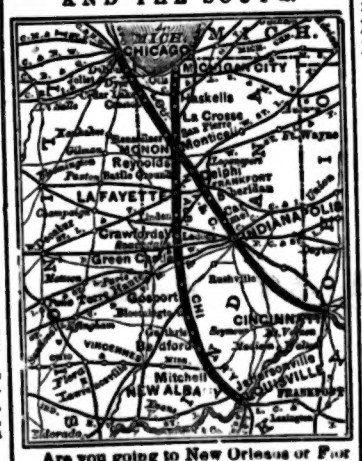

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